

## TRADITION THE TEST OF DOCTRINE

**N**IHIL innovetur nisi quod traditum est" are the classical words used by Pope St. Stephen in the middle of the third century. They are the operative words of his instruction to St. Cyprian to abstain from re-baptizing those who had been previously baptized by heretics or schismatics, but with the use of the recognized form and rite of the Catholic Church. St. Cyprian's letter (Ep. 74) from which we get the text of this injunction of St. Stephen, shows us how violently St. Cyprian was moved to indignation at getting such an injunction. It also reveals to us the nature of the objection he took to it. This objection was not that St. Stephen was at fault as to what had been all along the traditional usage, but that he laid too much stress on adherence to tradition, in a case where reflection had shown that it was opposed to the maintenance of the unity of the Church. "Praecepit nihil aliud innovari nisi quod traditum est, quasi is innovet qui unitatem tenens unum baptisma uni Ecclesiae vindicat, et non ille utique qui unitatis oblitus mendacia et contagia profanae tinctionis usurpat." St. Cyprian was wrong, we all feel that nowadays, taught as we are by the experience of the long centuries, wrong in this that he failed to see how his proposed system if carried out must lead the Church into a general feeling of insecurity as to the administration of her most fundamental sacraments, for once admitted that the sin of heresy or schism disqualified the minister of a sacrament from administering it validly, it would be impossible to resist the further inference that sins of other kinds would similarly render the minister incapable of valid administration, for instance an absolution from sin given by one who was himself a secret sinner would have to be regarded as thus disqualifying. We can see then now that St. Cyprian's underlying fallacy was that he sought to rest his case on the verdict of his own private judgment, which could be short-sighted and one-sided, confirmed by that of some of his friends like St. Firmilian, instead of resting secure in the belief that the

Founder of the Church and the institutor of its Sacraments had provided for them sufficiently, and that the only safe course for its members or even its rulers to follow was that of adhering firmly in all cases to the divinely appointed and divinely secured tradition that had come down to them from the Apostles. St. Stephen's reply, on the other hand, is a valuable testimony to the sure judgment or sound instinct, if we like so to call it, that was at all times in the Apostolic See and kept it from going wrong in these important matters.

That the Catholics of the world followed St. Stephen in regard to this particular difficulty and to his governing principle is clear from the known history of the time, and can also be confirmed by other *dicta* of the Fathers of the Church in those early times. St. Irenæus, the most voluminous of the Fathers of the first two Christian centuries, has many passages in which he insists in like manner on the supremacy of the apostolic tradition preserved by the Christian Churches everywhere, as the supreme test for determining questions of faith and orthodoxy. Among them there is the well-known passage in which he recommends tracing back to the original apostolic founders the succession of Bishops in the chief Churches then existing, and then, referring to these Churches for the decision of their controversies, goes a step further by glorifying the opportunity given to those who live near enough to the greatest and surest of all the Apostolic Churches in the world, that of Rome, where the fullest security of all is given to the inquirer; by the fact, known to all, that its communion and doctrine are such that all other Churches need to be in agreement with it. Tertullian again, towards the end of the second century, anticipates a cavil that may influence the adherents of some of the then current heresies. "If some heresies," he says, "seek to push themselves back into the apostolic age that they may appear to have been transmitted (*traditæ*) by Apostles we must say to them, 'Declare to us the origin of your Churches, show that the succession of your bishops runs back to some apostle or apostolic man who persevered in union with the apostles''"; and again, "We are not allowed to introduce anything of our own will (*arbitrio*) or to adhere to what any one else has introduced by his own will, we have the apostles of the Lord as our founders (*auctores*)."

As the name of St. Vincent of Lerins is so well known and so intimately associated with this belief in the supremacy of

tradition as the test of orthodoxy, we may make a brief reference to him and take a short citation from his *Commonitorium* as summing up the evidence of the universal belief of the early Church. The sub-title prefixed to the *Commonitorium*, though not prefixed by St. Vincent himself but by another who edited it after his death, well expresses its fundamental thought. *Pro Catholica fidei antiquitate et universalitate adversus omnes profanas omnium hereticorum novitates*, and, as is known to all who have read it at all carefully, it lays down rules for those who wish to ascertain what is in and what is not in consistency with this ancient and abiding tradition. I say he lays down rules, but this phrase must be correctly understood by those who wish to appreciate the exact scope of St. Vincent's argument. Some critics have said why does he not, if he follows the same doctrine as the modern Catholic Church, give them the far more simple rule of asking the Holy See what they should hold and then holding it? But to speak thus is to miss St. Vincent's point altogether. The Holy See is like the private theologian to the extent that its office is to interpret the tradition, to do which it must first understand what it is. The difference between the two is that the Holy See is protected from error in this work of interpreting the tradition, whereas the private theologian is not. Now the rules which St. Vincent prescribes are rules for the interpretation of the tradition, rules therefore which the Holy See and the private theologian have equally to observe, the theologian by the aid of his private lights and Catholic training, the Pope and those who collaborate under him in preparing his definitions, by the same method but overruled in its exercise by the Holy Spirit which all can count upon—though he alone can count upon it in a measure so full as to secure absolute truth for his decrees.

This is, however, a matter which we may have to consider more in detail; for the moment we are concerned with what St. Vincent says about the supremacy of tradition as the test of orthodoxy. The passage we select out of many for this purpose is from the 22nd chapter of the first *Commonitorium*. There basing himself upon the words of St. Paul to Timothy, "keep the deposit avoiding profane novelties of language . ." he says "this exclamation is an outburst of prescience and of charity. For he foresaw and anticipated the errors that would come to be held, and he grieved over

them. Who now succeeds into the place of Timothy? To speak in general terms the Church does, or to speak more specifically, the whole body of its rulers does, for they have a complete knowledge of the divine worship, or ought to have it, and communicate it to others. What is meant by 'Keep the deposit' save, as St. Paul says, to keep it from thieves, and from enemies, lest when men sleep these should sow cockle over the good wheaten seed which the son of man had sown in his field. Keep the deposit, he says. What is the deposit? It is what has been entrusted to thee not what thou hast discovered thyself; what thou hast received not what thou hast thought out; not a work of genius but of teaching; not received for private use but for public tradition; a thing brought to thee, not brought out by thee; in regard of which thou shouldst be not an author but a guardian, not an institutor but a follower, not one who leads but one who comes after. . . . Let that which previously was believed more obscurely, through your exposition be understood more luminously. Let posterity be able to congratulate itself that by your means it has come to understand what antiquity, without understanding it, venerated. Teach what thou hast learned, but so teach it that what you say may not be new things, but old things said in a new way."

It is now clear to us what place the early Church assigned in its system to the apostolic tradition, but what about the modern Church which looks up to the Apostolic See as its centre and leader? We put the question because Mr. Moxon, the author of a work on St. Vincent of Lerins, which was noticed in *THE MONTH* for June, 1916, is only voicing an impression which prevails in many quarters outside the Pope's communion, when he speaks as follows:<sup>1</sup>

After the Vatican Council and the declaration of the Infallibility of the Pope, it had begun to be seen that adherence to the Vincentian rules was not only unnecessary but impossible. "*La Tradizione sono Io*" was the claim of Pio Nono . . . Pio Nono's words meant not "Receive this because it has been held *ubique, semper et ab omnibus*, but because it has been laid down by me."

This is said very confidently by the writer quoted, but unfortunately it is not true. Probably it is not the case, it is only gossip, which attributes to Pio Nono the words

<sup>1</sup> *Commonitorium*, Cambridge Patristic Texts, 1917.



*La tradizione sono Io.* But if he did use them we may at least be certain that he did not mean them in the sense imputed to him. For on two most solemn and formal occasions during his Pontificate he said the very opposite, thereby placing himself in exact accord with St. Vincent and the early writers whose words we have been listening to. In 1854 in the Bull *Ineffabilis*, in which he defines the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, he states, before coming to the defining clause itself, the reasons that had moved him and the many Fathers whom he had consulted in preparing for the definition. Then summing up these reasons in a clause immediately preceding the defining clause, he says that "*divina eloquia, veneranda traditio, perpetuus Ecclesiae sensus mirifice illustrant et declarant*" this privilege of Mary, and that is what has constrained him to issue the definition. And in 1870 in the Bull *Pastor aeternus*, by which he defined the primacy and infallibility of the Pope, in other words in the very act by which, according to the writer just quoted, he declared himself to be the *traditio*, "apart from which no other *traditio* mattered," he first lays down the principle itself about which we are solicitous, the principle that "the Holy Spirit was not promised to the successors of St. Peter that by revelations received from Him they might make known new doctrines, but that by His assistance they might inviolably keep and faithfully expound the revelation or deposit of faith declared through the Apostles," and when he comes to the definition itself, that is to say, after having first enumerated a whole *catena* of authorities from the Fathers and past Councils of the Church, he begins his definition thus: "*Itaque Nos traditioni a fidei Christianae exordio perceptae fideliter inhaerendo, sacro approbante Concilio, docemus et definimus.*" Let then our critics, like Mr. Moxon, say if they will that in their judgment the Popes and theologians of the Catholic Church are mistaken in thinking that they are adhering faithfully to the apostolic tradition—on that issue we are quite prepared to meet them in our own defence and can assure them beforehand that they will perhaps be surprised to find how carefully we have thought out that branch of the subject, and what an array of evidence we can bring in support of our contention—but do not let them say any more in the face of such words as we have cited from the two recent Bulls of dogmatic definition, that we have formally and intentionally

abandoned our adherence to our time-honoured rule of apostolic tradition.

Let us now go back to the fountain-head, to the words of our Lord by which He gave the Apostles their original commission, and see what these have to tell us about the nature of that commission, that we may judge how far it is in conformity with the test of doctrinal orthodoxy we have found to be accepted so consistently all along in the Church. The texts from which we have to gather the terms and purport of this apostolic commission are, as we all know, those given in the final chapters of the Synoptic Gospels, indeed of these and of St. John's Gospel. St. Matthew describes for us the meeting between their risen Lord and His eleven Apostles on a mountain in Galilee, where He had told them He would appear to them, evidently for this purpose. He began by telling them that "all power had been given to Him by His Father, in Heaven and on earth," meaning thereby to apprise them that He was about to impart to them certain stupendous powers, and that He was enabled to impart them. Next He gave them their world-wide mission: "Go make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things that I have commanded you." I call attention to the literal translation I have given of *μαθητεύσατε* ("make disciples."). This clearly means more than merely to teach them; it means that they are to take those whom they have received through baptism into the society dedicated to the worship of the Blessed Trinity, that is, into the Church, under their charge and rule, as disciples. We may compare the relation which subsists between the head-master of a school and the pupils confided to his care with that which subsists between these same pupils and the outside master who comes in occasionally to give them music lessons. We may compare, too, as testimony to the necessity of understanding the word *μαθητεύσατε* in this sense the kindred expressions by which our Lord elsewhere designates the relation between Himself and His disciples as that between the Shepherd and his flock. We must note, too, that whereas St. Matthew makes our Lord say simply "teaching them to observe all that I have commanded you," the other two Synoptics disclose to us that the obedience thus required of the disciples extended to doctrinal as well as disciplinary

matters, to obedience of the intellect as well as that of the will, and demands as its proper response not any kind of obedience but the obedience of faith—for St. Mark reports Him as saying "Go and preach the *Gospel*," whilst St. Luke still further particularizes what is involved in this term the Gospel, for he describes our Lord as "opening the understanding" of the Apostles, clearly that understanding themselves they may be able to make their disciples understand also the sublime truths by accepting which they were to render the obedience of faith—that is to say, the truths that it "behoved Christ to suffer" as they had seen Him suffer and then to rise again from the dead on the third day, and again, as the consequential result, that repentance and forgiveness of sin should be preached in His name to all nations. We know otherwise that the list of *credenda* which the Apostles and their successors have preached to us include a great many more truths than these, but these are given as being fundamental and as such typical and inclusive of all the rest.

One further essential feature in this divine announcement is given by St. Matthew. The charge the Apostles had just received from their Master must have appeared to them appalling. Poor weak untrained fishermen as they were, how could they venture to take upon themselves such a fearful responsibility? So He adds to His words a promise of guidance and strength: "Lo! I am with you all days, even unto the consummation of the world." Here note the phrase "till the consummation of the world," that is to say, if we interpret the phrase by what our Lord otherwise foretold to them about the circumstances of the termination of the present age, till He should Himself come again with the clouds of heaven to judge the world and introduce the final stage of all in His dealings with our race. This being the meaning of the promise it becomes certain that the commission He was then giving to His Apostles was intended not only to attach to themselves personally but was to extend also to the generations of those who should succeed to their place and continue their work to the end—which is indeed what we all understand as meant. Still one more point, however, about this final provision our Lord was making for the future of His Church. It is involved in what the Synoptics have told us, namely, that the work and endowments to carry it on were given by our Lord to the eleven Apostles as a *body*,

as a *college*, to use an accepted theological term. But a college implies some internal bond to keep its organization together, and it comes natural to us to ask, even whilst we are confining our attention to the report of the Synoptics, was there any one from among their number singled out to be the head among his brethren and hold them all together as their centre of unity? We might be content in response to this query to refer back to the two famous Petrine texts, Matt. xvi. 18, and Luke xxii. 31. If, as we are entitled to do, we elect to see in the prerogative conferred by these words on St. Peter a provision made for the abiding need of the apostolic college for such a centre of unity we are, surely, fully justified. But when we take into account also the third famous Petrine text in John xxii., we have a passage bearing directly, like Matt. xxviii., Mark xvi., and Luke xxii. on our Lord's provision for the future of His Church and expressly assigning to St. Peter that central office of headship in regard to his fellow-Apostles. For from the last chapter in the Fourth Gospel we know that shortly before, or it may have been after, the meeting on the mountain, our Lord had His dialogue with St. Peter on the shores of the lake. We are familiar with the details of their conversation. Here it is enough therefore to emphasize one point in it. In preparation for each of the words by which He gave to Peter the charge of His sheep He put to him the question "Lovest thou Me more than these," that is, more than these other disciples of Mine. Peter found the question perplexing and humiliating, but to us in the light of the threefold charge to feed the lambs and the sheep, the connection between this and the previous thrice repeated question becomes luminous. The higher the charge over the sheep the deeper and broader the devotedness required of the Shepherd. Our Lord did not so much wish to draw out of St. Peter a correct estimate of his actual feelings of devotedness, but to impress upon him the fullness of the devotedness demanded of one called to so supreme an office as his. In short, our Lord's object was to appoint him not to any degree of apostolic charge but to the supreme apostolic charge.

Before we leave this part of the subject it may be useful to state separately the conclusions involved in what we have been considering, so far as they bear on the subject of the Church's tradition. They seem to fall into these propositions :

1. The doctrine, sacraments and institutions provided by Christ for the good of His people were deposited by Him in His Church, in which they became by this means a living deposit to be faithfully preserved through the ages. In this way the distinction came into existence between the *ecclesia docens* and the *ecclesia discens*, between the *teaching* and the *learning* Church, that is to say, between those to whom was entrusted the *magisterium* and the ruling power of the Church, and the general body of the faithful whose task it was to receive from the *ecclesia docens* the doctrines of the Church, that by their understanding of them they might render to God an acceptable service to the saving of their souls. As both the *ecclesia docens* and the *ecclesia discens* were to be propagated from generation to generation and to last through the ages, the *depositum*, whilst remaining a *depositum* in the Church became also a *tradition*, a body of doctrines and usages which had come to each generation by authoritative tradition from the previous generations and was to be passed on in like manner by tradition to the generations that should come after them.

2. We must emphasize that this divine arrangement in distinguishing between the *ecclesia docens* and the *ecclesia discens* involved authority on one side in the teaching of the tradition and corresponding docility on the other in receiving it. This, however, does not mean that the *ecclesia discens* was simply to believe without attempting to understand what it was taught, but that they were to believe first in order that they might the better be brought to understand after. *Credo ut intelligam* has ever been the Catholic watchword as against the opposite motto which represents the position of rationalism, *intelligo ut credam*.

Nor is there any violence done to the just requirements of human reason in this Catholic method, which springs, as we can now see, from the very roots of the constitution our Lord gave to His Church. Even if we regard this constitution under its purely human aspect it is a system which offers to the sane exercise of the human reason its best hopes of attaining a version pure from all corruption of the doctrines our Lord first revealed and confided to His Apostles. The spirit of union among themselves and of watching over one another to see that the tradition received was kept pure, prevailed amongst the Bishops from the first, as we can see from

the writings of the Fathers and from the custom that prevailed amongst them according to which the election of a new Bishop was conditioned upon his being able to give sure proofs of the orthodoxy of his faith, followed by the further precaution that he should at once on election send to the other churches, especially to the more important churches, synodal letters declaring what his faith was. Only if those synodal letters were found satisfactory was it the custom to receive him into episcopal communion and enter his name on the diptychs of the churches. But over and beyond this purely natural precaution, was the security offered by our Lord's promise of a never failing *assistentia*.

3. Note once more what this means for the encouragement of the theological study. It is a point of the Catholic faith that the divine aid by which the Catholic faith is guarded is not by way of inspiration, that is, of a divine utterance that comes directly from God, but by this way of *assistentia*, or of a very special providence whereby the Holy Spirit watches over and if needs be overrules the natural course of reasonings in themselves purely human, a system therefore whereby the rulers of the Church and especially the Popes have to study and decide by the method of human investigation every point in their administration of the Church as a whole, or of any of its constituent dioceses. What this comes to is that the rulers of the Church by themselves or through those whose collaboration they call in, have, or have had to, pass through every stage of the arguments and trains of argument out of which the whole fabric of theological reasoning is constructed, from the motives of credibility which justify in the court of reasoning the act of faith in the Church, to the last touches of doctrinal development. It follows that the private student invited to study theology for himself has opened to him the very same course of reasonings as the Church authorities or their counsellors have passed through. Of course he is liable to go wrong at one point or other, and here the *magisterium* may call him up, relying on its own prerogative of *assistentia*. But if he submits, as he should, to the intimations thus received, it means only this that he is brought back to the path from which, in want of fidelity to the laws of his own reason, he went astray, and to which his reason, better exercised in conformity with its own laws, will keep him. It is thus that, as so often comes to pass, some of these theo-



logical students may even surpass those who belong to the select ranks of the *ecclesia docens*, by whom in consequence they may be called in at times to render help, for Bishops and even Popes, when they wish to issue some authoritative injunction, usually begin by consulting their trained theologians, most of whom are simple priests of the second order, who as such do belong to the *ecclesia discens*, not the *ecclesia docens*.

To pass on to another point. From what we have seen by examining our Lord's commission to the Apostles the system thus instituted by Him was a system of instruction and tradition, the methods of which were primarily to be of an oral not a written nature; moreover the system thus instituted was to last till the end unchanged. What then about the relation of this tradition to the written word of God, that is, to Holy Scripture? Some have, we know, maintained that gradually, as the inspired books of the New Testament were written, these took the place of oral tradition as the supreme rule of doctrinal truth. Those who take up this position offer no proof for it, for the simple reason that there is none for them to offer, but they assume that tradition is of its own nature a mode of teaching which cannot last long incorrupt, and hence that Holy Scripture *must* have been intended to supersede it as soon as it came into existence. We need not dwell on this particular contention now, as to discuss it thoroughly would lead us too far afield. The mention of it however, suggests the further question, what then is the relation of Holy Scripture to the divinely guarded tradition? And here two questions of detail arise. First, the Council of Trent in its article on Holy Scripture lays down that the Christian revelation has been transmitted *in scriptis libris et non scriptis traditionibus*. This in itself is no doubt most true, but some writers have sought to draw up lists of the doctrines that have come down to us by oral tradition alone, and these lists it must be allowed appear to most of us so jejune as to suggest the query whether, if those are all that we have from oral tradition, the inference is not that oral tradition as a supplementary source hardly justifies its existence. These points thus described are the inspiration of Scripture itself, the number of books constituting the canon, the transference from Saturday to Sunday of the weekly day set apart for the worship of God, the baptism of infants, the use in Baptism of the words, "I baptise thee," &c., of the number of the

Sacraments, whether two or seven, or more or less. But the best way of understanding the decree of Trent is to distinguish between the two sources, Tradition and Scripture, as supplementing one another in the data of information they are able to certify to us. Take the Sacraments as an example. We find allusions to each of the seven in the Bible, but these allusions hardly suffice of themselves to guide us safely to the recognition of them as Sacraments to be employed in the definite way to which we have been led by the concomitant directions we have inherited from the tradition of the Church. That this is true as regards such Sacraments as Extreme Unction and Confirmation, or even Ordination, is sufficiently clear, but is it not the same even as regards the Sacraments of Baptism and the Holy Eucharist? If left without the guidance of tradition should we have felt sufficient confidence that we have divine sanction for the usage of Baptism, or the worship of the Mass, or the distribution of the Blessed Sacrament, which has become customary in the Church? Let us bear in mind that some of the sects which are less dominated by historical considerations, have not gathered from Scripture alone the necessity or propriety of such sacramental usages as seem to us so natural and obvious.

The other question that arises in this connection is as to the relation in which Scripture stands to the Church which was in the first instance at all events regulated by the oral tradition alone. To help us to understand what precisely this relation is we may begin by noting the use and place of written records or durable monuments in fixing down and vivifying the national traditions of the different countries and races. To take our own country as an illustration. Had we no Tower of London or the Chesters or Stonehenge, no Magna Charta or Domesday Book, no Parliamentary records or national annals, our national traditions and the national spirit that has been fed by the memories they enshrine, would certainly have been the poorer and our historical knowledge would have been less penetrative and vital. Similarly in the history of the Church had the Church not been able to fortify her oral traditional teaching by the creeds and other formularies which from time to time she has drawn up and stamped on the memories of her children, such as the decrees of her councils, the Anathematisms of St. Cyril, the Tome of St. Leo, or the Formula of Pope Hormisdas, or again her liturgical texts, her hymns

and canticles, and so on, she would have certainly lacked much of the definiteness and living spirit of her doctrines, and of the devotional aspects and the fervour they are calculated to inspire, than she can count upon as it is. Now at the head of all this vast system of inspiring monuments, or *adminicula*, stands the text of Holy Scripture with all its doctrinal, historical, and devotional treasures. It was a gift of our Lord to His Church, for to her primarily it was given that it might be to her an instrument, a kind of text-book if we may be allowed the expression, in her hands to give further efficacy and definiteness to her oral teaching. And here, incidentally, we may note that the fact of Holy Scripture being primarily a gift to the Church, not to its individual members, by no means implies that it is not a book which the laity may be permitted to study, but that it is one which it is the wish of the Church authorities that they should study, and the more the better, provided always that they study it sanely, and not in the mad irrational fashion, to which a certain type of Protestantism has been wont to impel them.

When we look at Holy Scripture in this light we see at once how it falls into its natural place and what an advantage it is to the Church to have such an instrument in her hands; one too, which is all the more valuable for the preservation of her tradition, because being written by inspiration every sentence in it is authentic in the highest degree. In one way particularly, it must be noted, is the benefit of this inspired text of supreme importance. It is more easy to conceive of the possibility of doctrinal ideas being preserved faithfully by oral tradition than minute historical facts, although, on the other hand, it is essential for a religion like that of Christianity, which is based on a groundwork of historical facts, to have this groundwork of facts preserved in its definite details. And this the inspired text of the Old and New Testaments, particularly in its four Gospels and its Acts of the Apostles, records for us with a fidelity which has enabled the Church to withstand all the assaults of its enemies throughout the centuries.

This subject of Holy Scripture, and its concordant working with the oral tradition, is a vast subject, but we must be content here with these few brief references which perhaps will suffice to make their fundamental relation to each other intelligible. It remains to consider the relation in which the ecclesiastical tradition stands to the *ordinarium magisterium* of

the *ecclesia docens*, and likewise to its *magisterium extraordinarium* when it judges and decides solemnly on questions of obscurity or controversy that at times arise as to points belonging to the contents of the tradition. But these questions we must reserve for another article.

S. F. S.

## HIDDEN TREASURE

### POVERTY (St. Clare's Day).

**L**O! I have put off brodered silk and gold,  
 And shorn the woven glory of my hair.  
 The moth that flutters in the twilight air  
 Lends me her garment! Splendours manifold,  
 The palace roof, the frescoed wall, behold!  
 As fairy clouds into a shadowed sky,  
 So these go melting into memory;  
 The eyes, the mind, the very heart grows old.

But not the sovereign soul. My treasures lie  
 Untouched of envious thieves, beyond the ken  
 Of all the restless crowd of burdened men.  
 Strange alms I pour from out this poverty.  
 The mighty of the earth—see how they call  
 On me, who holding nothing, yet have all.

### CHASTITY (St. Catherine's Day).

Into the cold grey silence of the sky  
 Comes up the Dawn, deep Fire on burning Fire,  
 And the full flood of measureless desire  
 Lifts me to where those rose-red banners fly.  
 I walk alone and Heaven's immensity  
 Thrills with one Voice, is golden with one Light!  
 Beneath, the midday world as black as night,  
 Where men, like children stray, with broken cry.

Homeless and heartless I?—All hearths are mine!  
Childless? Not so,—all children have my eyes!  
In me all love is gathered; bread and wine,  
Food of the Strong, the vintage of the Wise  
Are spread upon my table.—Come apart  
And learn the secret of a mother's heart!

## OBEDIENCE (St. Teresa's Day).

Strong winds that sweep the earth, imperial Powers,  
The thundering legions, Governors of War,  
Horses and reckless riders,—from afar  
I watch their glory and their crowded hours,  
The siegey-battered cites, desperate towers,  
Fierce stricken captives 'neath the swinging sword,  
Wild throats that shout the prowess of their lord,  
Valour and death—Dear God, this life of ours!

—And I unto Thy service bind me fast,  
Man's heart is wild, fretted with hot desire,—  
But I a censer filled with sacred Fire  
Swing in Thy Hand and have no will at last  
But to go burning, pass I low or high,  
Teresa, Servant of His Majesty.

MARY CHADWICK.

## THE "LONDON GAZETTE" AND ITS FOUNDER

THREE and a half centuries have elapsed since the "London Gazette" first saw the light, in the year of the Great Plague, and once again has our oldest newspaper emerged from its official obscurity, to be scanned, often with painful interest, by thousands of readers.

Time was when the "Gazette" was the only paper in the three kingdoms. Macaulay has written contemptuously and not very accurately of the "Gazette" of those days, but is not supported by that inveterate gossip, Pepys. "Very pretty, full of newes and no folly in it," noted the diarist, when the "half sheet in folio"—the first "paper," as opposed to a "book," or pamphlet—made its bow to the public, under the title of the "Oxford Gazette," on Thursday, the 16th November, 1665. It is sad to be compelled to add that absence of "folly" referred to the lack of anything in the shape of a leading article.

Up to the time when the present writer first succeeded in tracing his career, the founder of the "Gazette," Henry Muddiman, was known only by one stray remark by Pepys, which the want of knowledge of the journalist historians of journalism and the pro-puritan partisanship of the late Professor Masson, in his *Life of Milton*, had succeeded in perverting into an accusation. It was assumed that any journalist of Charles the Second must be a thorough scamp, and when it was found that the inevitable Pepys had made Muddiman's acquaintance and had called him "a good scholar and an arch rogue," Muddiman had been dismissed with the latter epithet. It was not known why Pepys called him an "arch rogue" but, as a Restoration journalist, he was *primâ facie* a depraved and dissolute person.

Nevertheless, the term is easily explained, and Muddiman's life story will, in future, receive its due attention and recognition.

Born in the Strand and baptized at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields on February 5, 1629, Henry Muddiman was the son of Edward Muddiman, by his first wife, Alicia. Edward Muddi-



man appears to have carried on business as a tailor, probably in conjunction with his brother William, at the sign of the "Seven Stars," a house near the arcades called the New Exchange, on the south side of the then fashionable suburb of the Strand. Two people who were to play an important part in the future journalist's career lived near at hand. Anne Radford, afterwards the wife of General Monck and the future Duchess of Albemarle, was a milliner in the New Exchange, and her brother Thomas, afterwards Sir Thomas Clarges, was an apothecary on the other side of the street. Edward Muddiman was a man of some substance, for during the Great Rebellion he had been appointed by the Parliament one of the collectors of the assessments made for the purpose of carrying on the war against Charles I. He died in 1659, and thus did not live to see the Restoration; but his brother, Sir William (then apparently knighted) is stated in a letter in one of the Historical Manuscripts Commissions reports to have led the Lord Mayor's troop of horse, "all citizens," before the King at the Coronation review in Hyde Park in 1661. The odd detail is added that he had "a horse of state" before him, led by a "swarthy fellow" clad after the Indian manner, perhaps in allusion to Catherine of Braganza's dowry of Tangier.

Henry Muddiman was educated at the choir school of St. Clement Danes and at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he was entered as a pensioner, in 1647. He did not, however, take his degrees, probably because the college became a prison a year or two later on, and in the year 1659, was an "usher," probably at his old school of St. Clement Danes. This explains Pepys' remark about his being a good scholar. At this period the "Colloquies" of Erasmus were much used in schools for the purpose of teaching Latin. An accurate but dry and lifeless version of them—the first complete translation—was published by Muddiman, under his initials "H.M.," in 1671.

At the close of the year 1659, London was seething with excitement. Cromwell had been dead for a year and change of Government had succeeded change of Government until as a result, the nation that had been kept down by force of arms in the old tyrant's times was beginning to make its voice heard in no uncertain tones. Richard Cromwell, "tumble-down Dick," had been overthrown, to be succeeded by the

odious "Rump" Parliament, which, in turn, had been ejected by the Army, to give place to another legislative sham. Now once more the "Rump" was returning to power and General George Monck was about to march down from Scotland to London with his Army. What would Monck do when he arrived? That was the question discussed everywhere.

Would Monck support the "Rump," or would he insist upon the City of London's wish and obtain for the citizens the "free Parliament" for which they were clamouring? A "free Parliament" every one knew, would at once recall the King; indeed, even the old "Long Parliament," suspended by Pride in 1648, would do that, though, perhaps, under onerous terms. Meanwhile the General kept his own counsel but professed himself to be the champion of law and order. "George was dark," chewed his tobacco, gave fair words to everybody and said nothing about his real plans. One thing only was noted, and that was that he had cashiered all the Anabaptist officers in his army before leaving Scotland. Yet the "Rump" was essentially an Anabaptist oligarchy, and in all probability any attempt to turn it out by force of arms would mean bloodshed.

Amid all these doubts and anxieties the "Rump" Parliament commenced its last session, on Dec. 26, 1659. It had authorized two persons to issue "newsbooks," under the direction of the regicide Thomas Scot. The first was Oliver Williams, an Anabaptist gunsmith, who employed John Canne, the "Fifth Monarchy" preacher, to write his periodicals, and the other was Cromwell's old journalist, the turncoat Marchamont Nedham, who had written a book in support of the Rump against the King, entitling it "Interest will not lie."

Nedham's newsbooks appeared twice a week, and save for a brief period when they were handed over to John Canne, had been in existence for several years. The Monday's edition was styled "The Public Intelligencer," and the Thursday's version (repeating part of Monday's news) was entitled "Mercurius Politicus."

But General Monck was perfectly well aware of the advantages conferred upon any cause by a well-managed "newsbook", and also that he had nothing to hope for from either Canne or Nedham. So his brother-in-law, Clarges, obtained permission for a third bi-weekly, to be issued, so Clarges states, "under my direction." Muddiman afterwards

acknowledged that he wrote this "in a disguise" secretly to advocate a "free Parliament" while ostensibly supporting the Rump. Singling out Nedham, "whose pen in comparison of others was like a weavers beam," Muddiman parodied the title of the latter's most celebrated periodical, "*Mercurius Politicus*," by styling his first "book" "*Mercurius Publicus*." Nedham's motto of "*Itaque vertere seria ludo*," taken from Horace's *Ars Poetica*, was met by Muddiman with the quotation "*Nunquam sera est ad bonos mores via*," probably from Erasmus. No. 1 of "*Mercurius Publicus*" appeared on Thursday, December 26, 1659, the day on which the Rump met. Eleven days later, on Monday, January 6, the Monday's version of the same periodical commenced, under the title of "*The Parliamentary Intelligencer*," and, at first, so Anthony à Wood tells us, was written by Giles Dury, apparently as sub-editor. Dury, however, soon "gave over." Commencing with the year 1661 the "*Parliamentary Intelligencer*" received the more appropriate name of the "*Kingdom's Intelligencer*."

Four days after "*Mercurius Publicus* had made its *début*," Pepys, then one of the Rump's clerks, made Muddiman's acquaintance and found that the latter spoke "very basely" of the Rump, "although he wrote newsbooks for them." A few days later Muddiman actually "put up" Pepys for his club, and the latter duly paid the entrance fee of eighteen-pence. This was the famous "Rota" club, which met at a coffee-house kept by one Miles, in Palace Yard, "where you take water." Aubrey has told us all about the "Rota" and its founder, Harrington, whose scheme was to have one-third the members of Parliament balloted out every year, in order to secure Parliamentary representation free from party bias, and says that the "speeches in the Parliament House were but flatt" to those to be heard at the "Rota."

However, Pepys has recorded nothing more about Muddiman. He must have soon have been undeceived in his estimate of him as an "arch rogue" by seeing his name attached, by Monck's orders, to the undertaking given to the General by the officers of the Army (by which they bound themselves to abide by the decision of a free Parliament) and to the King's letter to the Army, from Holland.

How Monck, still "keeping dark," at first obeyed the Rump, marched into the City, removing the City gates and posts and chains, and how, in spite of this, the Rump plotted

to remove or even, so some said, to assassinate him, is too long a story to tell in detail. Suffice it to say that when he had taken counsel with everyone and gradually gathered the reins into his own hands, Monck marched into the City a second time, and to the delirious delight of London, testified by bonfires and the roasting of rumps of beef all over the town, turned out the Rump and readmitted the old "Long Parliament," with strict injunctions to prepare for a general election. By May Day, the King was restored. There had been an "evil May Day" in Henry VIII's time, wrote Muddiman, recalling the riot of the London apprentices and the condemnation to death of many of them, but May Day henceforward should be happy and glorious. This is why even in our own times "Jack in the Green" is still to be seen dancing about old-fashioned towns on May Day.

Before the King's return Canne and Nedham had been silenced, and Muddiman then remained the sole journalist in the three kingdoms for the next three years. But at the same time a fatal blow was dealt at the prosperity of the printed newsbooks. By an Order of June 25, 1660, all *printing* of Parliamentary proceedings was prohibited, and thus the profits of the newsbooks are said to have fallen to £100 a year.

But Muddiman was equal to the emergency, installed a staff of clerks at the "Seven Stars" in the Strand, and began to send out those written "newsletters" which for many years to come were to make him famous. These newsletters differed in many important details from the printed papers, so much so that it is necessary to point them out. In the first place the newsletters were not censored, and gave the proceedings of Parliament. Foreign news was contributed to them from similar writers on the Continent, and country clients and correspondents, particularly the postmasters, provided local news. The newsletter writer dictated his news to his clerks, who took down his words in "shortwriting," and then proceeded to multiply the letters for postage to the country. The newsletter was unsigned (and thus difficult to identify), written in the worst possible handwriting, with atrocious spelling, upon a doubled sheet of paper, twice the size of "The London Gazette" (half a sheet in folio), and broad margins were left to it upon which to add late news, by way of postscripts. Lastly, while all the newsbooks or "papers"

(the Gazette was the first "paper") were sold at the uniform price of a penny (fourpence in our money) the usual "gratification for his clerks" paid to Muddiman was £5 a year for a weekly letter. Obviously, only the wealthier classes, or prosperous coffee-houses could afford the luxury of a newsletter, and this and the necessity for avoiding anything in the shape of considered comment on the news in the letters' limited space is probably the reason why the newsletters were not so jealously safeguarded as the more accessible printed news. Sir George Etherege, in his "The Man of Mode; or, Sir Fopling Flutter," first produced in 1671, mentions Muddiman (Act II. scene 2.) in terms which prove that Muddiman's correspondence was of the most extensive kind, so that we need not wonder that it was found necessary to attach so influential a writer to the offices of one of the Secretaries of State.<sup>1</sup> As a reward for his services, at the Restoration Muddiman had also been granted the privilege of free postage, and as the postal rates of the times were by no means light, this placed him above competition.

Muddiman thus became extremely prosperous, married, purchased a country house at "Coldhern," Earls Court, with some land and (an occasional personal postscript to his letters reveals the fact that he was fond of horses) rode daily from Kensington to Whitehall or his offices in the Strand. Nothing more unlike a modern editor, journeying daily to his work by the "underground," can be imagined than this seventeenth century newswriter riding to town, sword by his side and a brace of pistols in his holsters "because of the footpads at Knightsbridge." Of his private life there is no record, but it is clear that he was never mixed up in any of the follies of his times, was anything but an "arch rogue" in fact, and was content to lead a quiet life at his country house and entertain there his correspondents when they came to town.

After three years, Roger L'Estrange, a celebrated Tory pamphleteer, the scourge of Titus Oates, but an incompetent journalist, obtained by royal letters patent the sole privilege of issuing the printed news. L'Estrange continued the bi-weekly tradition, but entitled his periodicals "The Intelli-

<sup>1</sup> See more of Muddiman in Anthony à Wood's "Life and Times" (ed. A. Clark); Roger North's "Life of Sir John North," and many of the Reports of the Historical Manuscripts Commission.

gencer," and "The Newes." These began in September 1663.<sup>1</sup>

After two years of L'Estrange's scanty news, everyone was crying for Muddiman, or even for Nedham, to return, so great was the dissatisfaction. Thus, Sir Joseph Williamson, a future Secretary of State and the then Under-secretary, to whom Muddiman was attached, saw an opportunity of getting the whole of the news published, both written and printed, into his own hands; including of course the profits, by reducing Muddiman to be his salaried employé and by dismissing L'Estrange. Williamson attacked L'Estrange first. The Court was at Oxford on account of the Great Plague, and on this pretext Williamson induced Muddiman to commence the "Oxford Gazette" there, in open violation of L'Estrange's patent. While Muddiman was away at Oxford lists of his correspondents were taken at the "Letter Office" by a clerk there, James Hickes, by Williamson's orders, as the letters were franked. Williamson afterwards circularized these correspondents, informing them that Muddiman had been "dismissed." All the letters and documents relating to this underhand transaction still exist among the State Papers.

The results were curious. L'Estrange, after struggling vainly against the new Gazette for two or three months, induced the Duke of Ormonde to lay his case before the King, and was granted a pension of £200 a year out of the Secret Service money, together with a charge upon the new official "Gazette" of a further £100 a year.

On the other hand, Muddiman had been perfectly well aware of all that had been going on in his absence, and had made his plans accordingly. The Court returned to London in January, 1666, so that with No. 24, published on 5th February, 1666, the "Oxford Gazette" assumed its present day title of the "London Gazette." Muddiman wrote this and the next number, No. 25, for the 8th February, 1666, and then, after stormy interviews with both Williamson and Hickes, abandoned the paper, betook himself to the offices of the other Secretary of State, Sir William Morice, a cousin of General Monck, and actually retaliated upon Williamson by issuing an opposition official journal entitled "Current Intelligence." The two

<sup>1</sup> In Mr. Kitchin's *Life of Sir Roger L'Estrange* (a work swarming with mistakes) the "Intelligencer" is called the "Public Intelligencer." This, of course, is quite wrong.



Secretaries of State were petitioned, but to no effect; Muddiman remained with Sir William Morice and his successors in office for the rest of his career, but "Current Intelligence" was discontinued after the Great Fire, in which every printing house in London was burnt down. Finally, Williamson, in straits for news for the Gazette, actually employed Hickes to steal a letter of Muddiman's every week, as they were sent through the post. Owing to this fact the newsletters of Henry Muddiman are to be found among the State Papers for the next few years after 1666, mute witnesses to Hickes' and Williamson's thefts.

Henry Muddiman died in March, 1692, and was buried by the side of his wife in St. Mary Abbots, Kensington. His only child, Mary, died unmarried in 1704, and literally "cut off" a number of nephews in her will with the traditional shilling.

Mrs. Muddiman and her daughter seem to have taken considerable pride in the newsletters, and carefully preserved a copy of nearly every one of them. When the fourteen folio volumes containing upwards of 4,000 of these letters, certainly the largest known collection in existence, are either transcribed or calendared, and given to the world, they will prove a valuable addition to the sources of the history of the reigns of Charles II. and James II., and should throw new light on both Oates's "Popish Plot" and the events of the Revolution. They are not interesting documents, like Pepys' diary, but they cover the gap between Pepys and Luttrell—that is, between May, 1669, and September, 1678, and should clear up many obscure events.

J. B. WILLIAMS.

## SOME PEDDINGTON PEOPLE. VI.

### MOTHERHOOD.

THE mouth, which broke easily into smiles, possessed a certain sweetness and a certain strength. But the strength was lacking in the chin and lower jaw. It was an attractive face; the eyes dark and glowing, finely lined eyebrows, an adventuresome face, daring, confiding, appealing all at once.

It seemed to Bridget Payne, walking towards the Rayes End tenements, and recalling feature by feature that tragically beloved face, that never could it have been absent from the subconscious depths of twenty odd years of memory. Strange, how nothing is really forgotten, entered even unconsciously on memory's pain-inscribed tablets.

There was a tiny brown mark, a little mole, over the right temple. Bridget had often wondered to herself if it spoilt a charm or added, as a flaw will, a priceless touch of individuality. When he was all on fire with some sudden enthusiasm, or baffled by some thwarting of his impetuous will, the eyebrows had a trick of moving rapidly. She had loved the little brown mark then. Sometimes she had annoyed him, losing the thread of his rapid talk watching it. She saw it now, more vividly even than the magnetic eyes. Her own eyes filled with sudden tears, blurring the hawthorn and apple-blossom radiantly overtopping the low stone wall and hedges all along the road to Rayes End. She had fancied tears over that girlhood's memory things long past. Strange, how one never forgets the littlest things when the heart's quick has been probed!

Relentlessly, like a huge black blot on the picture, another face emerged, handsome too with a dark, defiant beauty. A woman's face—violet-blue eyes, thick, waving, blue-black hair, richly curving lips and a deeply-cleft chin—an alluring, determined mouth, no lack of strength or character there. Bridget Payne stopped in her walk to pluck a spray of hawthorn whose starry clusters fell over a gate breaking the green hedge, holding but hardly seeing it between her fingers. It was as if she sought by some outward action, the first that

presented itself, to fence off some approaching inner assault. She was shocked, shamed, that Bessie Hardwick's maliciously-triumphant face could move her, even now, to something akin to the old, long-stifled passion of repulsion and antagonism. Was victory never won while memory lasted? She tossed away the white and innocent little spray, with its clustering emerald leaves, and passed her hand across her eyes—wearily, straightened her slim figure tautly and walked quickly on. She had a fancy to look at the Rayes End tenements before the May sun was off them. The ancient house with its deep, honeysuckled porch and mellowed, old-world dignity, would be more than usually beautiful in the waning light.

What desecration to turn the historic Manor Farm into tenements! Stephen and she had planned quite seriously to buy it up and live in it when he got his Merchant Service captaincy. There was a legend that Stephen's people *had* lived in it sometime in the fifteenth century. For that and its beauty she had loved it.

She must hurry on or the sun would have dipped behind the great oak and the light be off the thatched roof. Mary Patterson and she had lingered so unconscionable a time over tea at the Corner House that afternoon. That unaccountable talk with Mary must be credited with these disconcerting freaks of memory. To no other soul in Peddington had she ever so thrown open the windows of her heart. Certainly she had never thought to draw their closely shrouding curtains at the touch of Mary Patterson. And certainly she had never thought to feel for Mary so warm, so tender even a sympathy. In that cold grey atmosphere of self-included scorn in which her world had become wrapped when with her wounded hands she turned Stephen Langley out of it, Mary and all other Peddingtonians had been comprehended. How remote it had seemed, the absurd little story-book romance, Peddington's eighteen days wonder, Mary's and John Patterson's wedding! . . . But afterwards, perhaps because of her own unadmitted loneliness—worse since faithful Jane and William emigrated and Amy and Frank went to Winnipeg after Arthur's pitiful death—she found herself viewing even Peddington's opportunities for friendship with less exclusive eyes. Mary's half-shy, quick smile and welcoming air whenever she called had begun to make an appeal to her. And

this afternoon she had ended to her own complete and Mary's perhaps completer surprise, by showing her the miniature—Stephen at twenty-eight in his First Officer's cap, boyish, ardent, dear—and narrating without reserves the story of herself and him and Bessie Hardwick, and how she had forced him to marry the village beauty.

"I hated her . . . She stained and ruined all my world. . . I wouldn't listen to any of his pleadings and explanations. I cared for nothing but that he should marry her. . . He had wronged her, though no doubt she tempted him. And there was the child to think of. . . It seemed to me the most elementary justice. . . But I was angry, and he yielded half in anger. We were both *angry*; that's what makes it seem all wrong now. But how should one act? It is such a tangle . . . wrong every way and all ways . . . irrevocable. . . The last time I saw him—it was in my room at home—you know it, with the window overlooking the beeches—he broke down. I can see him now, sitting in my chair with his face in his hands—his shoulders—they moved—his dark hair—he had beautiful dark hair, fine and curly. . . I felt I must die if I didn't kneel down and put my arms round his neck and—But I wouldn't—I wouldn't—I let him go. He married her and they went away. And whether he ever got his captaincy I never knew. What good would it be to him—then? . . . I hated her, and even now——."

"No!" Mary had interrupted. "You don't hate her now."

Mary was sitting in her low chintz-covered chair, wearing a little straight gown of some soft woollen stuff, blue flowers on a white ground. She had dropped her needlework, into which she was putting infinitesimal stitchings—cambric frillings, very fine and delicate—and stretched out a little sun-browned hand as she spoke. Her hazel-brown eyes were eloquent and tender.

There was something arresting in them. There had been an unusual impressiveness about old Susan's admittance this afternoon, too; an air of joyous but solemn state secrecy. Suddenly, all these disjointed fragments had adjusted themselves kaleidoscopically.

"Mary! *You've* got a story! And you haven't said a word! You've got something to tell *me*!"

A tiny wave of colour, warm and rare, had rippled over Mary's clear cheeks. Why, she was even pretty! No wonder

John Patterson was so long in love with her if she often looked at him like that!

... "John is awfully pleased." Her smile was very bright, rather tremulous. "Quite ridiculously puffed up. He says we must have—it's imperative for all concerned—another short Italian honeymoon and get back quietly in nice, long, lingering bits, in time for the sunflowers and Michaelmas daisies *here*. The garden is full of them—and golden-rod. We don't fancy the Chelsea house so much as this dear little old place. We want M. M. P.—he says it's to be Mary Marlow Patterson—to open her eyes first *here*. Susan is bursting. I wonder she didn't tell you on the doorstep."

"She did, nearly. I might have guessed from her demeanour. Mary—" words had been made difficult by a rush of mingled and surprising emotions—"I'm just—glad! Why, it's perfect!"

"Yes," Mary's response had been very softly spoken. "It's all rather wonderful—two old fogies like us!" And she had looked so delightfully young as she said it, tossing back her short dark hair, with the silvery tips in it, girlishly. "I'm so looking forward—dear Bridget—" She had stretched out her hand again impulsively, with a world of unspoken sympathies in her eyes.

To Bridget, walking along to Rayes End as the May sun dipped in peaceful splendour, the atmosphere of that talk with Mary Patterson seemed to permeate all those other things evoked by it. All was mixed and mingled. She saw Mary, whom once she treated in her heart condescendingly, a trifle scornfully, in a new light of friendship and understanding. Mary—and motherhood! There would be no motherhood for her, ever! Mary and John Patterson, completing at last so perfectly each other's possibilities of happiness and development. "So much improved!" Peddington said. "That lackadaisical John!" He even took an interest in local architecture, and had restored the Corner House wonderfully—in fact, wasted a lot of valuable time getting the windows just like they had them in the Tudor times. Far-fetched, silly nonsense, Peddington called that. If he'd had all those diamond panes out now, and some good, sensible, sash-windows put in!

Bridget smiled to herself indulgently. Poor dear old unimaginative Peddington! The Corner House was well worth

John's late-evoked enthusiasm. In its way, it was as much a mediaeval gem as *Rayes End*—poor *Rayes End*—let out in tenements, and spoilt!

Rather like her own heart's dwelling that! Let out in tenements, mostly empty, spoilt! Well! Mary Patterson had become one quite unexpected tenant, with a private, special latch-key of her own design. Perhaps, other tenants would apply if she threw wide the windows and doors and gave the place a good airing. Doubtless it had been shut up too long.

The fancy gave her a half-whimsical comfort as the old Manor Farm came in sight, the warm brown thatch of the roof and the pink and cream of the honeysuckle mellowed in the sunset. The scent of the flowers reached her as a delicate greeting, like the sound of a melody heard only in one's heart.

Then, as she came to the gate, Bridget's heart stood suddenly quite still.

A youth in Merchant Service uniform was waiting there, looking up and down the road as if in agitated inquiry. He had very lustrous dark eyes, and his eyebrows, finely stencilled, moved rapidly. His head was bare, and Bridget felt rather than saw that his hair, close cut, was very dark and curly.

"You are Stephen Langley," she said, in a perfectly level voice. She had all at once become an actor in a play, only the play was real and all the rest of the world unreal.

"Yes," the youth answered, showing no surprise. (Of course he was another actor. They were both actors in a dream-play. She would wake up in a minute.) . . . "Stephen Langley. Which is the quickest way to the nearest doctor? I want a doctor for my mother, at once."

## II.

With the same preternaturally sharpened sense of a crisis to which all her former life had led, Bridget, having given directions to Stephen Langley at the gate, passed on through the ample porch, across the worn stones of the interior up the shallow oaken stairs.

The substantially built ancient house was constructed in two storeys only, with a long row of stone-mullioned windows under the eaves. As she reached the head of the stairs,



someone came out of a door on the landing, leaving it ajar with a careful glance inside as she did so, a plump, apple-cheeked countrywoman, carrying a basin of broth. A smell of homely suppers being cooked, rashers and fried potatoes, ascended from the lower tenements, but here, save for the one, all the rooms seemed empty and all was very quiet. One long level beam from the sun, now dipping below the horizon, lay on the worm-eaten oak boards, and Bridget remembered afterwards that as she crossed it the leaves from the great oak tree outside the end window made a lovely network of shadows.

She recognized Eliza Holmes who, she remembered, had recently taken a tenement at Rayes End; a widow with one remaining son who worked on the adjoining farm; one of those useful members of a village community whose practical knowledge of sickness and comfortable presence in a sick room were often in request. Lizzie approached quickly but quietly, her kind furrowed face puckered and anxious.

"Did ee see the young boy, Miss Payne? I told en I thought he's best fetch doctor, to once. 'Tis 'is mother as is took so bad. From what I can mek out, 'tis the pneumonia as 'er've a got. Chill, like as not, caught in that there long journey; settled on 'er lungs as must a bin weakish. 'Er's turble low an' a bit wanderin'. Wonder if you'd be so good as to stop wi' 'er a mennit whiles I do waarm up this yer bit o' broth? I sim I dawn quite like leavin' of 'er. . . That's kind of ee, Miss Payne, sure, an' I shan't be a mennit."

Bridget entered the sick room, alone. This, that interior sense of a pre-arranged destiny assured her, was what she came to do.

The sick woman lay on propped up pillows, breathing hardly, but spent. She showed no kind of recognition, and seemed quite unaware of any change of attendant.

So Bridget Payne came once more face to face with her "enemy."

The face she surveyed was in tragic contrast to that seen with so shocked a repulsion on her way to this strange Journey's End. The blue-black, abundant hair was thin and grey; the full rich lips had fallen sharply in and were nearly bloodless; nothing remained of the once victorious beauty which had won for Bessie Hardwick her easy conquests among her village rivals but the great violet-blue eyes turning

now their unrecognizing glance to the watcher by her side or closing wearily between spells of laboured breathing. It was the shrunken, withered face of an old, worn woman.

Across her consciousness, as she realized this, flashed from those submerged planes whence memory draws her indelible records a question, heard and, to Bridget's hurt and grief, never apparently answered :

"And who is my neighbour?"

Swiftly, now, with no hesitation, came the answer. For the "enemy" who lay there, spent and panting, on the coarse, clean pillows, brought by Lizzie with other touches to sweeten the sufferer's room, Bridget's heart held nothing but compassion. . . . A woman like herself, come pitifully to the end of life's journey. Bridget's one desire was to ease those faltering footsteps for the last difficult bit of the way.

She would ask Lizzie Holmes to let her watch through the night.

Lizzie indeed was glad to be relieved.

"Well, now, Miss Payne, that ud be good of ee, sure. Not as there's any call for ee to bide here all night. I'll see if er'll take this bit o' broth, and doctor'll be along soon, please God, though if the young boy havven found en in, there's no knowin' when a-will be. But I told en to be sure an' find en, wherever er wur. A fine, upstrappin lad, idden er? An' turble fond o's mother, seemingly. If you cud jest bide whiles I do get my Tom's supper, Miss Payne, I'll be back again and see arter the poor soul easy enough. There baint nothin much to do. Jest give 'er a drink o' barley water if 'er do sim to fancy it. But likely er'll doze or maybe wander agen. You give a call if you do want me, Miss Payne. Tinkle this yer lil bell."

So Bridget and her "enemy" were left alone together.

Presently, the sick woman opened her eyes, muttering feebly.

"Got me way agen. . . . Stevie said as I shudden come . . . As twadden fit . . . travellin. . . . But I got me way. . . . Same's wi Steve Langley . . . him as wur promised to . . ."

She turned her unrecognizing eyes to Bridget.

"Er wur promised," she said, in a feeble, confidential whisper. "Did ee ever see 'er? Mighty fine lady, but not so preddy as I wur. . . . Did ee ever see Miss Bridget?"

"Yes, I've seen her. I wouldn't talk much, Bessie. Drink a drop of this. It's nice and cool."

"I dawn want no drinkin' . . . I tempted en . . . But I loved en well. . . No maid cudden help lovin' Steve. . . Do ee mind en? Er wur a handsome lad, sure 'nough . . ."

"Yes, I mind him, well. Try to sleep, Bessie. Let me move the pillow a bit. That's better, isn't it?"

. . . "A handsome lad, er wur . . . An' true to 'er, mind ee. I got en, but I cudden kip en. . . Drowneded. . . But I didden mind so much. . . Cudden go back to 'er, then . . . Boy wur two year old . . . a lil preddy boy. . . Curls . . . like's father . . . So black's ink. . . Did ee ever see my lil Stevie?"

"Yes, I've seen him. He has such pretty curls. Tell me the rest by-and-by, Bessie. You'll be tired if you talk so much. Won't you sip a drop now, to cool your lips?"

"Dawn want no sippin, tell ee. Where's my Stevie to?" The head turned and the voice rose, restlessly. "Where's er to? . . . Er wur good to's mother, always. . . But a wilful boy . . . like's father. Where's er to? . . . Is er gone to sea? . . . Er wud go. . . Tell en not to . . . jest yet. . . I do want en . . . Where's er to?"

"He's coming, Bessie. He'll be here quite soon. He hasn't left you. He's coming, now."

. . . "Where's Bridget Payne to? I do want to speak to 'er. That's what I comed for . . . fair'n square. . . Steve wur true to 'er . . . An' I've got to tell en . . . I've . . . got . . . to get . . . to Steve. . . Where's Miss Bridget to?"

Bridget knelt down by the bed, took one of the restless, work-hardened hands and held it in her own. In spirit she pleaded for strength, for wisdom, for power to reach and heal.

"Bessie—Bessie—Don't you know me, Bessie? I'm Bridget. I've come to help you to get to Steve. He'll be glad to see you, Bessie. You've been a good wife to Steve."

For a moment all delirium ceased. The blue eyes met her own sanely, searchingly. What was in them? Remorse? Supplication? The old defiance of a still unvanquished foe? Bridget never knew. For, as they strove to speak the words the lips were powerless to utter, a change passed over the lined and shrunken face, and the eyes, still blue, still open, saw no more.

Bridget reached for and rang quickly the little bell.

When, an hour later, the doctor long delayed by an out country case, arrived with the boy, all was decently in order in that chamber of death. Borne on the pure night air, through the opened casement, the scent of the honeysuckle stole in fragrantly. The room was still full of gentle light.

As Lizzie gave the necessary explanations, Stephen Langley stood at the bedside staring down on the stiff form outlined beneath the neatly folded sheet—dazed, defiant, dumb.

Then he turned away and dropping into a chair hid his face in his hands.

Bridget, apart from the other two, watched him, the cup of her remembrance full, pressed down, running over. What she saw was a replica, cruel in its completeness, of another picture seen twenty odd years ago. . . The curly dark head . . . the hidden face . . . the finely developed lines of virile young manhood . . .

Obedying an overmastering impulse she crossed the room, and kneeling by the chair, touched him. The boy's shoulders quivered beneath her touch, but the face remained hidden.

"My son!" her heart was crying. "Stephen! My son, my son! . . . Our Father who art in Heaven, give him to me! . . . I've paid the price. . . Give me his heart to live and work for. . . Forgive us our trespasses—all!"

And God, who loves mothers, remembered Bridget. Long after, Stephen, looking back over the years, knew that he owed his initiation into true sonship not to the mother after the flesh, whose memory, nevertheless, he cherished poignantly, but to another mother—after the spirit.

MARY SAMUEL DANIEL.

## GUNFIRE AND RAINFALL<sup>1</sup>

IT is a characteristic of the human mind to seize upon mere coincidences, and to read into them the relation of cause and effect. For instance, in the case of sun-spots, there is hardly a phenomenon of meteorology, rainfall, variation in temperature and barometric pressure, not to speak of earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, which at some time or other has not been attributed as an effect of the variations in the spottedness of the sun. A gentleman of the writer's acquaintance once informed him that there was a curious coincidence in the number of grouse he shot in successive seasons, and the curve of variation in the number of spots on the sun. Again, how often do we not hear it stated that the advent of a new moon is responsible for a change in the weather? The origin of all such false correlations is that coincidences are noted by the unscientific observer, while discordances are neglected, or passed over without any recognition.

During the present war it has more than once happened, that we have suffered from bad and rainy weather, coincidentally with heavy gunfire in France. What more natural than to attribute the rainfall to the concussion caused by the continual discharge of heavy pieces of ordnance on the western front? There is a popular notion that great battles have been usually followed by heavy rains, although there are no statistics to confirm this prejudice. The question as to the effect of the heavy gunfire on the western front, and the supposed coincident rainfall may be examined both from the meteorological records, and also from the scientific point of view, as to the possibility of heavy gunfire being adequate to cause abnormal rainfall.

We may select as an example the last August, of the year 1917, which was an unusually wet one over the whole of England. If we take the records of the meteorological station at Stonyhurst as an index of similar conditions over the north of England, we find that the total fall of rain during August, 1917, was 6·215 inches, which is 1·217 inches

<sup>1</sup> Presidential Address to the Preston Scientific Society, September 26, 1917.

greater than the mean for August for the last 69 years, which is 4'998 inches. The rainfall, however, during the last August was distributed over no less than 26 days, in fact the heavier rainfall commenced on August 8th, and continued without intermission for the whole of the month. But the mean number of days on which rain fell in August during the last 69 years was 18'3, which is barely eight days less than the number of days on which rain fell in August, 1917.

Also there have been wetter Augusts than last August in England, both in the total amount of rainfall registered, and the number of days on which it was distributed, when there was no coincident gunfire. The August of 1912 was admittedly one of abnormal rainfall over the whole country. At Stonyhurst the fall was 7'360 inches, distributed over 26 days, the same number of days as in August, 1917. The heaviest August rainfall recorded at Stonyhurst was in 1891, when rain fell on 27 days, and 9'869 inches were registered. It is well to be able to confront the proverbial oldest inhabitant, beloved of the daily press, when he declares that he has never remembered so wet an August as the one just passed, with exact scientific records.

The subject now under review was debated in the meetings of the Astronomical Society of France during the sessions of 1915, when, at the beginning of the war, the question as to the effect of gunfire upon rainfall, was more frequently raised than perhaps it is at present. The result was that statistics gathered from meteorological stations showed that the cannonades had not induced a superabundance of rain, as certain theorizers had maintained, though vegetation in 1915 had been later than in a normal season. Again, in the year 1910 there were heavy falls of rain, accompanied by great inundations in France, when there was no firing of heavy guns. Now in France such rainfall generally corresponds with a westerly direction of the wind, and this correspondence was absolutely normal during the year 1915. If gunfire had any appreciable effect upon rainfall, the rain ought to have fallen, whatever might be the direction of the wind. Add to this the fact that there have been in France, during this war, very dry periods coincident with heavy cannonades.

We may now treat the question from a scientific point of view, and ask ourselves the question whether, according to the known and established laws of science, it is possible that



heavy gunfire could precipitate rainfall? There are only two conceivable ways, so far known to science—for we must confess our ignorance of possible so far unknown forces—by which this could be effected, and those are, either by the concussion resulting from violent explosions, or from the ejection into the atmosphere of clouds of dust, or of ionized particles to form the nuclei of raindrops. Let us briefly survey each of these phenomena in detail.

First with regard to concussion, which must be extremely violent, with the heavy explosions from modern artillery. We have an evidence of this in the distances at which the sound of the firing in France or Belgium has been heard. This question was treated in a paper by Messrs. Miller, Christy, and W. Marriot, entitled "Audibility of the Gun-firing in Flanders over the South-East of England, September, 1914—April, 1916," read before the Royal Meteorological Society on the 21st of June, 1916. From the records collected it appears that the gun-firing has been heard, at one time or other, over the counties of Essex, Kent, Surrey and Sussex, and over London, the most distant point being about 150 miles from Ypres. The sound as a rule is faint, though quite unmistakable, and resembles a dull and distant thud, which is rather felt than heard, that is a shake rather than a sound.

Every volume of air contains in it a certain amount of water-vapour, which impregnates it as an invisible mass, and exerts in it a certain pressure. For instance, in August, from the 69 years' records at Stonyhurst, the average weight of water-vapour in a cubic foot of air is 4.3 grains, and the elastic force it exerts would support 0.387 inches of mercury in a barometer tube. For every temperature there is a maximum amount of water-vapour which a given volume of air, say a cubic foot, can hold, and a maximum pressure which the contained water-vapour can exert. The relation between the actual amount of water-vapour, and the pressure it actually exerts, in any given volume of air, the cubic foot for instance, compared to the greatest amount it can hold at the same temperature, and the maximum pressure it can exert, gives us a value of the wetness, or relative humidity of the air. It is generally expressed as a percentage. Thus at Stonyhurst in the month of August the average degree of humidity is 82. A lowering of temperature in a mass of air containing water-vapour, may cause it to become saturated,

that is it can hold no more at the lowered temperature. It is now ready to part with its water-vapour as dew, or rain, if the temperature be still further reduced. Not unfrequently, especially in spring and autumn, a paved floor or the plastered stone walls of a house will be covered with a deposition of water, or will "sweat" as it is termed. The reason of this is that the air which is outside the house, and which enters through the doors and windows, is at a higher temperature than that inside the house. Coming into contact with the colder floor and walls, which are at a lower temperature, it becomes saturated with the water-vapour it contains and deposits the water as a dew.

Two stages, therefore, are necessary for the formation of rain, the transparent water-vapour in the air must be condensed into clouds, and the material of the clouds must coalesce into rain drops. The only way in which the water-vapour in the atmosphere can be condensed into clouds is by cooling. Rains which last for several hours or for several days are generally produced by the intermixture of currents of air at different temperatures. A warm current of air can hold, on account of its higher temperature, a large amount of water-vapour. This current meets a cooler current, the result is a considerable condensation of the water-vapour, and the formation of clouds and rain. Floating icebergs in the North Atlantic may cool a current of air, which, with a westerly wind, will mix with a normally warm current over the British Isles or France, and so precipitate a copious rain.

What happens when an explosion is caused at the mouth of a gun, or by a high explosive shell? A quantity of gas, say some twenty or thirty cubic yards if you wish, is produced. This pushes aside and compresses the air around in all directions, if the explosion proceeds from a bursting shell, or in a definite direction when the explosive action takes the form of a draught or rush of gas from the muzzle of a gun. This compression is propagated from point to point in the air as a sound wave. In the case of a bursting shell the amount of motion diminishes as the square of the distance from the origin of the sound-waves, so that at a quarter of a mile from the origin of the explosion it would probably be not more than the one ten-thousandth of an inch in amplitude. It is true that this law, that the sound emitted from a body grows less in proportion to the square of the distance of the ear of

the observer from the source of the sound, is, in the case of artillery fire, only rigidly verified in the explosion of a shell, when the waves of sound can spread in all directions. All artillerymen know that there is a great difference between the sound emitted by a gun when fired, and that produced by an exploding shell or bomb. Hence it is possible, without much injury to the ear to stand directly behind a big gun that is being fired, while to stand near to the muzzle would cause deafness, and possibly permanent injury to the drum of the ear.

In an instructive letter on the subject of "Drum-Fire," contributed to the *Times* of August 21st, 1917, by Mr. G. F. Sleggs, and which was reproduced in substance in *Nature*, of August 23rd, the writer points out that the German machine gun, or rifle fire, appears to be equally loud whether the width of "No-Man's Land" is seventy yards or five hundred yards. The term "Drum-Fire" is of German origin, and was employed in the first instance to describe the effect of our massed artillery, on an hitherto unprecedented scale, at the Battle of the Somme. "To the British," writes Mr. Sleggs, "who were of course behind the direction in which their artillery was firing, this term would never have occurred, for behind a British bombardment there is but little resemblance to a drummer's tattoo, the whole sound being merged into a dull and heavy roar of guns; but to the German generals behind their lines, every shot from the British guns would stand out as a sharp staccato note, the whole combining to give the impression of the rat-a-tattat from a mighty drum tattoo." Hence it follows that the further one is behind the British guns, the greater is the preponderance of the sound of the German guns, and it is therefore most probable that the sound of heavy firing which is heard on our southern coast is due to the German and not to the British guns.

The reason is that the sound waves from the muzzle of a gun are concentrated in a path, which is analogous to that of a search-light, and that the intensity of the sound, and of the corresponding elastic wave of compression and rarefaction in the atmosphere does not conform rigidly to the law of the inverse square, but diminishes gradually.

Nevertheless this compression is only momentary, the wave passes on, and then elasticity restores the air to its former condition. Unless the explosion can produce a cold current,

or cause to any appreciable extent such a disturbance in the atmosphere, as will bring about the mixture of a stratum bearing a cold current, with that bearing a warmer current, it cannot produce rain. One might as well endeavour to make the water-vapour cloud issuing from the spout of a kettle fall in raindrops by shouting at it, or by clapping one's hands. We have already noted that the gunfire at Ypres heard in Essex is rather felt than heard, that is, the force of compression at that distance is so reduced that it is only just perceptible. That it could cause a cold current, or the mixture of a cold and warm current at such a distance, is inconceivable. The violent draught from the muzzles of hundreds of guns might possibly cause such a disturbance, as to bring about some mixture of cold and warm air strata at the position of discharge, which would precipitate a local rain-shower. This would demand the pre-existence of strata of different temperatures and of different degrees of wetness near the situation of the guns. But, after all, what would be the draught from thousands of guns, compared to the huge currents of air which sweep across a country and bring with them showers of rain? The Battle of Messines on June 8, 1917, was preceded by continuous bombardment. Then came the mighty explosion of ten mines, three of them of enormous extent, shaking the ground and the strata of air for miles around, followed by an artillery barrage of extreme violence, and yet there was no rain. Following the Battle of Messines was that at Ypres, preceded again by continual gunfire. After the first day's attack, when the heaviest firing had subsided, rain ensued, and stopped further operations. At the Battle of the Somme too, in July, 1916, the rain did not fall until after the heavy preliminary bombardment had ceased. Does it not seem to be the fact that the incidence of fine or rainy weather is independent of heavy bombardments, the coincidence being fortuitous, and not of the nature of cause and effect? Those who see a causal connection between gunfire and rainfall might adduce the examples of Ypres and the Somme, and conveniently forget Messines, or the spring offensive of 1917 by the Allies on the Western front, which was coincident with a long continued spell of brilliant weather.

In a paper published in the May, 1917, number of the *Journal of the French Academy of Agriculture*, M. Angot, the director of the French Meteorological Service, discusses

the proposition that a series of violent explosions might result in the displacement of masses of cold air which, encountering layers of warmer, saturated air, could possibly cause precipitation of rain. He supposes an extreme case of two equal masses of saturated air, the one at a temperature of  $0^{\circ}\text{C}$  ( $32^{\circ}\text{F.}$ ), the other at  $20^{\circ}\text{C}$  ( $68^{\circ}\text{F.}$ ), and he shows that in order to obtain a rainfall, even of so small an amount as 1 mm ( $0.04$  inches), it would be necessary that these two masses should rapidly and thoroughly mix throughout an atmospheric layer of 6850 metres (about 4 miles) in thickness.

In his book entitled *Side-lights on Astronomy* the late Professor Newcomb has an essay entitled "Can we make it rain?" originally written in view of the claims of Mr. Dyrenforth to have produced rain in Texas by firing guns. The whole matter of the effect of detonations on the mixing of air strata, or the product of concussions is thus pithily expressed: "A thousand detonations can produce no more effect upon the air, or upon the watery vapour in it, than a thousand rebounds of a small boy's rubber ball would produce upon a stone wall."

When, in September, 1910, the writer ascended Mount Hamilton in California, to spend a day at the Lick Observatory, the sky as seen from San José, the city at the base of the mountain, seemed to be clear and pellucid. But in the evening, as the sun was nearing its setting, the valley as viewed from the top of the mountain, appeared full of a smoky cloud. This was simply the dust, which is held in suspension in the lower strata of the atmosphere, and which is not seen by an observer looking through it at an apparently blue sky, but is very evident when viewed from above under the oblique illumination of the setting sun.

Now Mr. Aitken has proved that for the production of rain each rain-drop requires a dust particle as a nucleus. It has therefore been suggested that when a stratum of air is charged with water-vapour at or near its saturation point, the projection of clouds of dust particles into the upper atmosphere by violent gunfire would furnish the necessary nuclei and help to precipitate the rain. Moreover, if such dust particles were projected in sufficient number into an air current they might be scattered far and wide. A striking example of this phenomenon was witnessed in the great eruption of Krakatoa, in the Sunda Straits, in August, 1883. The sound of that

terrific explosion, when a large portion of an island was blown away, was heard at the Isle of Rodrigue, nearly 3,000 miles from the source of the sound wave, while enormous quantities of dust particles were launched into the upper atmosphere, which were spread by air currents, until then unknown and undiscovered, all round the world. This dust was responsible for the magnificent sunsets observed in England as late as the spring of 1884. Air currents are, therefore, competent to scatter dust particles over an extended area, although the explosion of Krakatoa, due to natural forces, was on a scale of magnitude that cannot be matched by any artificial scattering of dust particles, even from batteries of hundreds of heavy guns.

At the discussion on the subject in the Astronomical Society of France, Mons. C. E. Guillaume related that in the year 1888 he was a witness of the precipitation of rain from fog by explosion in the Jura mountains. The butts on which a battery of mortars was trained were hidden by a thick fog. Blank cartridges were therefore fired, with the result that the fog was precipitated as a fine rain. But, as opposed to this experience, it was pointed out that at the siege of Belfort by the Germans in the war of 1870-71, a fog hung over the city for several weeks, in spite of the intense cannonade. The discrepancy in these experiences may be perhaps reconciled, if we suppose that in the case first quoted the water-vapour was nearer its saturation pressure than in the second case, and only needed the contributory advent of dust particles to cause the water-drops to fall as rain. We shall advert to this possibility later on, when treating of the kindred subject of ionization. It was only the presence of mist and smoke that prevented our fleet from blowing that of the Germans out of the water altogether at the Battle of Jutland. In answer to a query by the writer, an officer, who was present at the battle on a destroyer, and who is a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society, wrote: "At the opening of the Jutland battle, 3 p.m., May 31st (1916), there was a summer North Sea, haze very light, however, and there being no wind the smoke and cordite hung heavy in the air. In spite of terrific gunfire, all round that 50-mile area where the battle was fought, no rain came down. We, however, had a very heavy dew, and the next forenoon, that was of course the following day, we had light rain. Steaming at high speeds all through,



and changing course frequently, we covered a large area, and I should imagine that where it commenced to rain was 100 miles from the area where the heaviest shelling took place."

But it is urged that it is not only dust particles that may accelerate the precipitation of rain, but also there is the possibility of electrical action induced by heavy explosions conducting to the same result. Super-saturated air is that air which holds more water-vapour than it would do under normal circumstances, corresponding to any given temperature. Such super-saturated strata of air can exist in the absence of dust particles or any other material which may be adequate to form nuclei of condensation. The analogous case of dust particles we have already mentioned. M. Angot, in his memoir, enters into detailed consideration of the effect upon such strata of the electrical forces. The action of ultra-violet light, or of ozone, or of any cause competent to effect the ionization by electrons of such super-saturated strata can induce the formation of raindrops. Among such agents of ionization is to be reckoned the detonation of high explosives, which gives rise to highly ionized gases. But, in the denser strata of the atmosphere in which such explosions take place, there is already existent an abundance of dust particles and of ions, so that super-saturation cannot possibly exist in such strata. As we have already noted, it is very problematical from past experiences, whether the addition of quantities of dust particles, or ions, which are in the same category in this connection, can bring about a premature condensation in a stratum of air nearly but not quite saturated. Even assuming the possibility of this hypothesis, M. Angot points out that the most that such an outpouring of dust particles or of ions could effect, would be to accelerate a precipitation that would inevitably occur under the ordinary circumstance of the progressive cooling of the air. For the amount of water that can result from the cooling of a mass of saturated air, through a given range of temperate, is constant, and is independent of any state of super-saturation that may have existed previously to the reduction of temperature. In other words, to make it rain there must be a reduction of temperature, whether the air be saturated or super-saturated. Dust particles and ions are of themselves insufficient to cause a fall. With regard to dust particles another subsidiary point must be noticed, and that is that the black powders of earlier days, which would

have furnished many carbon nuclei for possible raindrops, have been supplanted by the white powders, which would not be so effective.

But, to revert to meteorological statistics, even independently of any gunfire or violent explosions, an excess of rainfall would have been expected in 1915 and 1916. For in the great cycles of weather changes, a period of dry years is generally balanced by a corresponding period of wet years. There is always a principle of compensation to be observed in these changes, so that in the end the departure from the mean may not amount to very much. The period 1898—1904 was a period of dry years on the whole, the period through which we are now passing is its counter-balance. M. Angot finds that in France the year 1909 was wetter than 1915, and 1910 wetter than 1916, and that December, 1915, which was an unusually wet month, was coincident with a period of relative calm over the whole Western Front. He concludes also from his investigations that in France there was nothing exceptional in the local distribution of rainfall, that proximity to the area of the offensive has not induced relatively a greater amount or a greater frequency of rainfall. He, too, notes, as we have already done, that the great spring offensive of 1917 failed to interrupt a long continued spell of very fine weather.

The conclusions of M. Angot in regard to distribution of rainfall are fully corroborated by the results of an examination into this aspect of the matter conducted at our own British Meteorological Office, embracing the first twenty-two months of the war. There was no indication whatever of a distribution of rainfall having any reference to a centre over western France.

True science does not dogmatize. Nevertheless, whether we examine meteorological records during the period of the war,—and these are decisive and conclusive on the subject— or whether again we consider the possibility of the action of concussion, or of the supply of dust particles, or electrons, by explosive action, or by the numberless electro-magnetic waves which are being sent out continually from a great number of wireless stations, we may state that so far as we know from science, whether experimental or theoretical, there is so far no proved connection between gunfire and rainfall.

A. L. CORTIE.

## SOME ENGLISH NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS

SINCE the war broke out a little incident which occurred in Rome in 1912 has often come back to my mind with special significance. It happened in the course of some work for St. George's Guild for English-speaking Governesses in Italy. From some inquiries I made I discovered that the demand for teachers of English, though still very great among the Italian upper classes, had decreased a great deal among the middle classes. There is a reason for everything. I set myself to find out the reason for this thing, and I found it. I found that in spite of the very special sympathy which existed between the English and Italian people, middle-class Italian parents were no longer anxious to have their children taught English. They had them taught German instead. They were obliged to do so, in fact, in view of the rapidly-increasing trade relations between Italy and Germany, which made a knowledge of German an absolute necessity in commercial life. But why, if Englishmen were so sympathetic, and the Germans (as everybody knows) so antipathetic, did Italy trade principally with Germany?

For an answer to that question I took trouble to call on the proprietor of an important shop in the Corso. When I had had my say:

"Madame," he said, "what you say is quite true. We do not love the Germans. They are arrogant and badly brought up. Naturally we should prefer to do business with the English. But, Madame, the choice does not rest with us. German commercial travellers will come cheerfully from Berlin to Rome to sell a dozen yards of ribbon, and so establish a connection. Now that is a thing you English will not do. You won't push. It seems to us others as if you were either too proud or else—speaking with respect—too indolent. It is not worth your while, it seems, to put yourselves out to sell anything less than a steam-engine. While you are conducting the preliminary correspondence the Germans have snapped up the order and delivered the goods."

Now, it seems to me that that little incident is worth while remembering. It cuts at the roots of an old fallacy of ours—

the fallacy that we are a practical nation. We are not nearly so practical as we like to think. We excel in theory rather than practice. We think deeply, but not very clearly. Our minds are without that instinctive craving for certainty which is so characteristic of the Latin mind. Like our big cities our minds are often obscured by mists. This may be a question of climate. In her very shrewd book, *L'âme Anglaise*, Jacques Vontade has pointed out that no sooner does the Englishman emigrate than he gathers fresh energy, and eclipses the men he has left at home. And one is reminded of Hugh Britling's officers who exasperated him by their incompetence in England and compelled his warmest admiration by suddenly developing the most practical and resourceful qualities in the trenches.

The Constable de Bourbon, you remember, had another theory. He said our wits were heavy, because we drank heavy beer instead of light wine. May be. But we won the battle of Agincourt. As the Prime Minister said the other day at the Guildhall: "When pressure is brought to bear on this old country somehow or other she manages to win through."

Somehow or other! That is so characteristic. We muddle everything up to the very last minute, and then, thank God, we—well, we muddle through to victory.

*When pressure is brought to bear.* Pressure is needed, you observe. Secure behind our white cliffs, fortified by the memories of a splendid and prosperous past, we have developed a fatal habit of slacking. We have been slackers, partly, as my friend in the Corso said, from pride, and partly from laziness. We, who are so ready to talk of "lazy Italians" and "self-indulgent French," are an extremely lazy and comfort-loving race, and now is the time for us to open our eyes to the fact. The other day the German papers observed, with malicious pleasure, that a food-shortage would fall peculiarly hard on English people because English house-keepers are the worst in Europe. Now, this is true. It is not only that we care less for food than the Germans or that we have a less highly-cultivated palate than the French. It is not that we are less intelligent than the rest of Europe. There is another reason. We buy extravagantly, and we cook badly—because it is *too much trouble* to buy cheaply and cook well. Thrift, that essentially French virtue, does not appeal to us. We are apt to speak as if it were the same thing as meanness.

Many of us have our pet economies, it is true, but we are rather apologetic about them. If we have the coals taken off the fire before we go to bed, we are careful to explain to our visitors, in a careless voice, that it is because we are afraid of fire. And when John Gilpin's spouse has a thrifty mind we mention the fact—with a superior smile.

Now, nothing in our national character—except perhaps the reckless gallantry of our troops—astonishes our continental friends more than this contempt of ours for thrift. In Latin countries the upper and well-to-do classes habitually practise, without the slightest sense of hardship, little economies which the wife of a prosperous grocer in a small English town would consider “beneath her.” A hundred examples occur to me. I know a French woman, an ex-ambadress, a generous woman, with ample means, who always, as a matter of course, wears cotton gloves in a train, and changes them for kid at the end of the journey. And how often, when I have seen her maid carefully mending her Excellency's hair-nets, I have remembered an old servant of ours, who left the dentist's wife because she was “that mean you wouldn't credit it. She'd even mend her hair-net rather than spend four-three-farthings to buy a new one!”

In France they view the matter from a different angle. I have never heard anyone, least of all her devoted maid, accuse my French friend of meanness. To the French mind, the waste of anything useful, no matter how infinitesimal its value may be, is painful. When we English think this attitude is mean we are committing a vulgar error and one peculiar to our generation. Our grandmothers knew better. In Cranford, if you remember, “economy was always elegant, and money-spending always vulgar.” If the Cranford ladies walked to or from a party “it was because the night was so fine or the air so refreshing, not because sedan-chairs were expensive.”

Times have changed. Nowadays, if we cannot afford to drive, we do so all the same, partly because we must do as others do, and partly because it is not *worth while* to put ourselves out to save a few shillings. It often surprises English visitors to see how easily the Roman nobility will step into a democratic tram, when their carriages are for the moment unavailable. You would expect them to take a cab. Not a bit of it. They pick up No. 16. Yes, and if they are going to the Hôtel Russie, they will get out at the Piazza di Spagna,

because the penny ticket ends there, and take a minute's walk down the Via Babuino. How many English people in comfortable circumstances would take the trouble to save that extra penny?

"Life," said a little English governess, remarking on this peculiarity of her Roman employer with a fastidious smile, "would not be worth living, if one stopped to worry over trifles like that!"

Yes, that is it. We don't like to be worried. We can't be bothered. Perhaps a certain French priest of my acquaintance was right when he said that while the two most characteristic words in the French language were "*gloire*" and "*patrie*," the two correspondingly characteristic English words were "comfy" and "bother"!

Last year I lived in East Anglia. On either side of my cottage was another cottage. One neighbour was Belgian and the other English. We had several visits from Zeppelins and some casualties. After the casualties my English friend spent her days in laughing at the idea of danger and her nights in lying awake and reproaching herself for keeping her babies in such a dangerous place, and for not having made any preparations in case of another raid. The Belgian woman made elaborate preparations every evening before going to bed—brandy, bandages, bath filled with water, buckets filled with sand—and then slept soundly, knowing she had done all she could. It seemed to me a very sensible proceeding, but other (English) people called it "fussy." I suppose it is because we are not a "fussy" nation that the War Office have spent a very large sum of money in putting up huts near the place where I am writing this article, and now, after six weeks, are spending more money—to say nothing of time and labour—to have them taken down because, as any of us could have told them if they had asked our opinion, they were "unsuitable."

"It do seem strange, like, with all that money to throw away as you might say, that they want our sixpences," remarked a cottage woman to a War Loan Canvasser. . . .

But she gave her sixpences. And she was right. She knew—and we all know—that the army whose organization is so perfect that not one tin of bully beef is wasted, is the army which (not to mention almost unmentionable crimes committed in the name of economy) leaves its dead unburied and its wounded without succour. And yet—and yet—cannot we



English develop a little power of organization without running the horrid risk of resembling the Germans? The Teutonic race has not the monopoly of methodical habits. It is worth while to remember that our own leaders—the men who with their energy, resourceful minds and organizing ability have so far pulled us through—are almost without exception of Celtic extraction. It is the fashion in England to accuse the Celtic temperament of all sorts of offences against common sense. "The Celts," says John Bull, looking out towards that Island of Saints in the West, "are a dreamy, unpractical lot, when all is said and done!"

He should hear what people have to say of him! Here is a letter from an Italian diplomat, written last year.

"You English," it runs, "are anything but practical. You are afraid to commit yourselves. You won't vote boldly for black or white. Grey is your colour."

I am not sure if a pun is intended. As the words stand there is truth in them. Compromise is the keynote of our national character. Compromise is the very unstable foundation upon which the Church of England has been perched by that "highly-complicated liar" Elizabeth Tudor. In the face of the fact that so many of our countrymen find such a Church satisfies their deepest spiritual needs, I think we cannot claim to be a logically-minded nation, and until we are that, we can scarcely claim to be a practical people.

This attitude is also characteristic, as my Italian friend said, of our political life. We talk a great deal, and wash our dirty linen with a publicity which amazes and disgusts our friends, and gives peculiar satisfaction to our enemies, and then we—compromise. Consider what happened at the time of the French Revolution.

"In France," says Mr. Chesterton,<sup>1</sup> "it was what people did that was wild and elemental; in England it was what they wrote. It is a quaint commentary on the notion that the English are practical and the French merely visionary that we were rebels in art, while they were rebels in arms."

It will probably be objected that in entering this war the English nation has given the lie to all the accusations I have been bringing. That is so. We were practical and clear-headed enough when we declared war for honour's sake. But we were totally unprepared, and if we had been half as practical as we imagine ourselves to be we should have been pre-

<sup>1</sup> *The Victorian Age in Literature.* (Williams and Norgate.)

paring for years. We had warnings enough. Since the war, too, we have behaved in a manner so peculiarly our own that the Prime Minister told the Americans the other day, with both humour and truth, that they could learn the whole art of war by studying our mistakes. This manner of ours of making war by committing a long series of colossal blunders would, in any other nation, indicate hopeless incapacity. With us it leads to victory. We shall, as Mr. Lloyd George says, win through. We shall stand one morning side by side with our allies and watch the sun rise over a new world purified by the sword. It must be so, because God is in His Heaven.

But when all this has come to pass, will England forget some of the lessons of the war? Will she fall back, with a fat sigh of relief, on her fatal "as you were" attitude? We have all to work together to avoid this calamity. We must do this specially by seeing to it that the future men and women of England do not pass through our elementary schools without receiving special training to overcome the peculiar temptations of the English nature. If—even in the baleful light of battle—we have not yet realized what these failings are, we have but to ask any of our friends and allies.

Countless times, in various countries, from people of all classes of society, I have heard the same verdict: The English are a great nation. We respect and honour the English more than any other people. But they are too fond of resting their elbows on the velvet cushions of Anglo-Saxon superiority. Oh, yes, they love those velvet cushions, they are so—what is your word?—"comfy"!

A new scheme of education is being evolved by the education authorities. It does not matter very much if the result of their cogitations is the substitution of one subject for another. What does matter is whether or not children are to be taught *how to work*. This must be the practical end of education. It does not matter if the child spends more time over the Capes of Africa and less over the kings of England, as long as, in learning either, he learns how to learn something else. Now this is what the old-fashioned convent education excelled in. It was not what reformers and enthusiasts like Herbart and Pestalozzi would call psychological. It treated individuality with a heavy hand. It had serious drawbacks, and it was dull. But it had one redeeming feature. It taught the child to control itself, and to take pains. Someone said that formerly the child learnt the lesson and said it to the

teacher, whereas now the teacher learns the lesson and says it to the child. This is a very bright and interesting method, but it is scarcely useful to the child. When the Romans left Britain they received a most touching letter from the Britons. The Picts and Scots had swarmed over the border, and the Britons found that, deserted by the Romans, they could not stand up without their help and fight their foes. So they called across the sea for help, from those Romans who had done them the ill-service of fighting for them, instead of teaching them the art of self-defence. Our English children, on leaving school, are in much the same position. They have received an expensive, elaborate, and showy education. Time, skill and devotion have been lavished on them. But they have not been taught to work. They have been brought up on specially sterilized and peptonized pap-food. No hard biscuits have been served out to them on which they could sharpen their teeth in preparation for gripping the hard black bread of life.

This is not rhetoric. It is fact. Take one example—needlework. This subject is taught on imposing lines in our elementary schools. But the Superior of one of these schools put the case in a nut-shell to me the other day:

"The only thing the syllabus does not allow for is the only thing the girls would find most useful—how to take a big woman's skirt and cut it down to make a small child's dress."

The test of the training our girls receive in this branch of knowledge must be sought in the use they make of it in after life. How many English women of the working-class make their own clothes? Very few indeed. But then, as a char-woman said to me lately, "who can blame 'em, seein' as 'ow they can buy a blouse, and the latest fashion, too, for two and eleven three?"

No one can blame them, because no one has taught them to prefer hand-made, well-fitting clothes to cheap, ill-fitting finery.

Our French friends consider us, as a nation, very slovenly. We consider them vain and extravagant. We are wrong. The superiority of the French toilette is the result of minute care, not of extravagant expenditure, and the average French woman takes this care, not because she is vainer than the average English woman, but because she has received a thorough training in all branches of needlework. If you look

round at any public meeting you can count the number of English women (of the maidless classes) who are really tidy, on the fingers of one hand, although many women will be dressed expensively and in a style ill-becoming their social position. In France it is the exception to find an untidy head, a badly-fitting dress, a down-trodden heel or a glove with a hole in it. The French think very seriously of such shortcomings. Madame Fantin, the grandmother of *L'Enfant à la Balustrade*,<sup>1</sup> expresses this point of view very clearly when she is scolding her son for giving his little son an unsuitable stepmother:

"Do you want me to tell you why she is incapable of bringing up a child? Well, these fifteen days—a whole fortnight, mark you—she has had a spot on her tarlatane dress—there—there—right in the front of the skirt. A woman who goes about with a spot in such a place will never take the trouble to see that your son has changed his underclothes or taken his bath!"

You see? It is a question, not of vanity, but of decency. We all agree with Madame Fantin. At the same time, such spots are rather common among us. We mean to remove them, but somehow or other we do not find time. We wait until the skirt gets too shabby, and then we buy another.

But perhaps in future we shall not be able to buy another? Then shall we make one, or will it be "too much fag"?

EDITH COWELL.

<sup>1</sup> René Boylesve, *L'Enfant à la Balustrade*. (Nelson.)

## RATIONALISM v. TELEPATHY

THERE is a widespread impression that the unamiable moral disorder which passes by the name of *odium theologicum*, is a microbe peculiarly characteristic of the clerical profession. This, it may safely be affirmed, is not the case. Both the rationalist and the agnostic, though they claim to speak on behalf of "Science," and hold the very name of dogma in abhorrence, are apt to be just as rabid in defence of their negations as the most intolerant of theologians. Witness the tone of the various critics who in letters to the Press, in magazine articles, and in more or less bulky volumes have fallen tooth and nail upon the author of *Raymond* and have torn him metaphorically limb from limb. No doubt controversy is not now conducted with the same grossness of language which lent pungency to the writings of Dr. Martin Luther and his contemporaries. Dr. Mercier and Mr. Clodd do not go quite so far as to describe our psychical researchers in set terms as swine, liars, blockheads, and devils incarnate, but they allow themselves a very considerable liberty of expression, and, behind all the restraint which decorum imposes, the fact that they have badly lost their tempers becomes patent to the most unobservant reader. Is it unconscious telepathy perchance which has led both Dr. Mercier and Mr. Clodd independently to fancy themselves in the rôle of Old Bailey counsel browbeating a shifty criminal? Surely it must be a long time since Science has found her cause championed by advocates so deplorably lacking in dignity and good taste. Take the following imaginary cross-examination, for example, as a specimen of Dr. Mercier's polemic :

I ask you, Sir Oliver Lodge, as a scientific man whether it is possible to alter the nature of a thing by altering its name? How do you say? Aye or No? If you mean a ghost, why do you not call it a ghost? If you mean supernatural and a miracle, why do you not say supernatural and a miracle? If it is because you are ashamed to use the familiar words, why are you ashamed to use them? If that is not the reason, what is the reason? No, Sir, it is of no avail to answer me as you answered Dr. Tuckett. It will not serve you to call me unfair, to say . . . that you wish I was better informed, and so on, and so forth; you will be

pleased to answer my questions or to admit that you cannot answer them. You are silent? You may go down, Sir.<sup>1</sup>

If Dr. Mercier thinks that he excels in the bluster of cross-examination, Mr. Clodd apparently ambitions the tragic part of Cicero against Catiline and perorates upon this note:

You, Sir Oliver, knowing as you must have known, the taint which permeates the early history of spiritualism, its inception in fraud, etc. . . . have proved yourself on your own admission, incompetent. . . . What is more serious your maleficent influence gives impetus to the recrudescence of superstition which is so deplorable a feature of these days. . . . The sellers of the thousands of mascots—credulity in which as life-preservers and luck-bringers is genuine—the palmists and all other professors of the occult, have in you their unacknowledged patron. Thus you, who have achieved high rank as a physicist, descend to the plane of the savage animist, surrendering the substance for the shadow. Surely the mysteries which in your physical researches meet you at every turn, baffling your skill to penetrate, should make you pause ere you except the specious solutions of the momentous problems which lie on the threshold of the Unknown Hereafter.<sup>2</sup>

Dr. Henry Armstrong, F.R.S., an emeritus professor of chemistry, who contributes a postscript to Mr. Clodd's book, describes *Raymond* as "obscurantism run riot," and regrets that "the fair name of Science should be sullied by the publication of this 'nauseating drivel' as Mr. Clodd properly terms it."<sup>3</sup> It would be easy to quote a score of similar illustrations of the tone adopted by a certain group of rationalists, but I forbear. If only one could be sure that all this *sæva indignatio* was prompted by horror of the evils of Spiritualism, and that Sir Oliver's lack of reverence for the "Unknown Hereafter" was the real gravamen, one might feel that there was much excuse for the violence displayed. Many deplorable results have undoubtedly followed from the promiscuous reading of *Raymond* by persons wholly unable to sort and

<sup>1</sup> C. H. Mercier, *Spiritualism and Sir Oliver Lodge*, p. 119. Perhaps such a passage as the following is even more extraordinary. "Such an exhibition of credulity has not been seen since Moses Primrose returned from the market in proud possession of a gross of spectacles with silver rims and shagreen cases. Really, when I read his naive and innocent account of his own simplicity, I wonder if Lady Lodge ever allows him to go out in the street without a nurse to see that he does not bring home a gross of sentry boxes, or chimney pots, or left-hand gloves, or something equally profitable." *Ibid.* p. 85.

<sup>2</sup> Clodd, *The Question: If a man die shall he live again?* p. 298.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* p. 302.



appraise its data, or even to grasp the author's own point of view. But I am convinced that the secret of the frantic denunciations which Sir Oliver Lodge's attitude has provoked among prominent rationalists is not the pretext which they themselves have put forward. They are up in arms because they see clearly enough that the recognition thus accorded to psychical research is a menace to materialistic science, the science which finds the final test of truth in the scalpel, the balance and the microscope alone. All that lies beyond and outside is to them the land of miracle, and when Sir Oliver has the audacity to maintain that demonstrated truth may exist there, they hold him to be a traitor to the sacred cause of Science and consequently a person to whom no quarter should be given. This, if I mistake not, is the real significance of the violence shown in the controversies which have centred round the publication of *Raymond*. In any case it is extremely instructive to note on what lines the battle is being fought. The primary question at issue is not so much the possibility of communication with the departed, or even survival after death, but simply the fact of telepathy. The denial of this forms the first line of defence in which the Diehards of the Haeckelian tradition, the Ray Lankesters, the Crichton Brownes, the Donkins, the Clodds, the Armstrongs, the Merciers, the Tucketts, *et id genus omne*, have resolutely entrenched themselves and are prepared to hold out to the last gasp. It has infuriated them that of recent years the current of educated opinion has steadily set in favour of telepathy. This is a shrewd blow to the materialistic concept of the universe, but the movement is undeniable. In illustration of the change that has come about, let me quote a casual utterance of Dr. J. H. Skrine which appeared in the October number of the *Hibbert Journal*. Even if the statement be thought exaggerated, I am convinced that twenty years ago it would never have found admittance in such a *milieu*.

This present age [writes Dr. Skrine] has brought us such a fresh discovery. The intercourse between one human consciousness and another by some manner of communication which is not conveyed by any known action of the senses, such as language or physical signalling, has become an ascertained law of nature. It may be possible to find men of respected judgment who will not yet admit this, for I have myself encountered such denial.

But so did eminent intellectuals in the days of Galileo deny that the earth was round.<sup>1</sup>

It is the complaint of Sir Oliver Lodge that what he calls orthodox Science is so hidebound in its prejudice against the supra-normal that even the discussion of telepathy is banned in scientific journals. "The beginning of the proof is telepathy," he wrote to the *Times* in Nov. 1914, "but the whole subject is taboo."<sup>2</sup> Sir H. B. Donkin replied that "all the evidence produced in support of telepathy is valueless, not only to scientists but also to men of ordinary common sense."<sup>3</sup> Similarly Sir Ray Lankester describes telepathy as "simply a boldly invented word for a supposed phenomenon which has never been demonstrated"<sup>4</sup> and Mr. Clodd speaks in the same context of "invoking the unknown to explain the non-existent,"<sup>5</sup> the non-existent being telepathy.

The Church, so far as I am aware, has never delivered any pronouncement, either directly or indirectly, upon the question now before us. The philosophy of Aristotle and the schoolmen, upon which she has set her seal, has not, of course, felt the need of any such argument to establish the possibility of the existence of "consciousness apart from the brain."<sup>6</sup> The separate existence and the spirituality of the soul can be demonstrated, we hold, on quite other grounds. Still just as Catholic psychology, though always with a certain prudent distrust of morbid and abnormal mental conditions, has accepted hypnotism as a phenomenon of psychic experience which does not necessarily suppose the intervention of any diabolic or evil influence; so it would seem that when adequate proof is forthcoming, she will see no intrinsic impossibility in the alleged discovery that mind can act upon mind independently of the organs of sense. Père Lucien Roure, S.J., in his recent admirable volume *Le Merveilleux Spirite*<sup>7</sup> seems clearly to incline to an acceptance of the reality of certain telepathic phenomena, though on the other

<sup>1</sup> *The Hibbert Journal*, Oct. 1917, p. 133. I must add that I do not in any way endorse the conclusions of Dr. Skrine's article, which deals with "Telepathy as interpreting Christ."

<sup>2</sup> *The Times*, Nov. 28, 1914.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* Dec. 1, 1914, and see also the controversy in *Bedrock*, 1912 and 1913.

<sup>4</sup> Quoted by Clodd, *The Question*, p. 169.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.* p. 168.

<sup>6</sup> This phrase, borrowed from Sir Oliver Lodge, is used by Sir Ray Lankester in the title of one of his articles in *Bedrock*, Jan. 1913, p. 488.

<sup>7</sup> *Le Merveilleux Spirite* (1917), pp. 283 and 288.

hand no one could be more convinced than he of the fraudulent character of the vast bulk of the spiritistic manifestations obtained through the intervention of the ordinary paid mediums.

Probably no extrinsic testimony to the truths of telepathy will have higher weight with the discerning reader than the attitude of the late Mr. Frank Podmore, who devoted the greater part of his life to these researches and who was applauded even by such rationalists as Mr. Clodd and Dr. Tuckett as one of the keenest and most sceptical of critics.<sup>1</sup> Now Mr. Podmore in 1894 published a bulky work under the title *Apparitions and Thought Transference—an examination of the evidence for Telepathy*, in the forefront of which he announces that "the thesis which the following pages are designed to illustrate and support is briefly: *that communication is possible between mind and mind otherwise than through the known channels of the senses*"; the italics are Mr. Podmore's. Towards the close of his life a new edition was called for, in the preface to which he writes:

In the first instance I felt considerable reluctance to approach the task of preparing a new edition of the present work. The comparative lack of recent evidence of the strongest kind, and an increasing scepticism as to the value of human testimony fostered by prolonged study of the history of Spiritualism, produced distrust of my own earlier judgment; and I feared lest, when I came to weigh the evidence again, I might find myself compelled either to withdraw the book or to reissue it as an old brief, prefaced with an apology from counsel for having in the interval gone over to the other side.

I am glad to be able to say that my fears were exaggerated, and that I find little to revise in my original estimate of the strength and weakness of the evidence.<sup>2</sup>

Now such a pronouncement, however much enforced by the intensely sceptical spirit of the writer and the thoroughness of his study of the evidence, could not count for much if anything like a consensus of opinion among modern psycho-

<sup>1</sup> See for example, Tuckett, *The Evidence for the Supernatural*, pp. 33, 307, 359. Quite a considerable portion of Dr. Tuckett's book is made up of long quotations from Podmore. Similarly Clodd (*The Question*, p. 50) speaks of "Podmore, whose sceptical attitude towards all spiritualistic phenomena never wavered during many years of investigation."

<sup>2</sup> F. Podmore, *Apparitions and Thought Transference—an examination of the evidence for Telepathy*, 1915. Preface.

logists were ranged on the other side. But this is far from being the case. Men like the late Professor William James of Harvard, the Italians Morselli and Lombroso, Professors Flournoy and Pierre Janet of Paris, Dr. Richet, and many more that might be quoted, are all in agreement as to the fact of Telepathy, however much they may vary in their explanations. Thanks to the kindness of a friend, it was my privilege to be present in the Æolian Hall a few years back when Professor Henri Bergson delivered his inaugural address as President of the Society for Psychical Research. His theme was Telepathy, and I hope later on to quote one or two brief passages from his discourse, but for the moment I am only concerned with the fact that his conviction of the reality of thought transference independently of the senses was expressed unhesitatingly. Moreover, Mr. Arthur J. Balfour, who acted as chairman, showed in his concluding remarks that he was in full agreement with the general drift of what had been said. Now it would be ridiculous to treat such men as Mr. Balfour and Professor Bergson as if they were likely to be carried off their feet by the first speculative novelty which presented itself. If they admitted the fact of Telepathy, it was because they had studied the evidence and had been convinced by it. Neither can any sane critic, familiar with the note of bluster and intolerance almost always perceptible in the rationalistic pronouncements of Sir Ray Lankester, Mr. Clodd, and Dr. Mercier, feel any doubt as to which side was the more likely to study the data patiently, and to weigh with an unprejudiced mind the conclusions to be deduced from them.

It would be impossible in this short article to give any detailed indication of the very varied types of phenomena which point with more or less preciseness to the reality of thought transference by means other than the ordinary channels of sense. The strength of the case for telepathy by no means rests upon such experiments as those which Sir Oliver Lodge carried out at Liverpool in 1883 or at Portschach am See in 1892, experiments which Dr. Mercier in particular has fastened upon and sought to overwhelm with ridicule. Still less is any reliable conclusion to be drawn from the feats of public entertainers like the Zancigs. In all such cases we have no satisfactory guarantee against collusion and the use of some ingenious code of signalling. But it is important to

notice not only that we have many instances of thought transference where, regard being had to the well known character of the parties concerned, the use of conscious deception is unthinkable,<sup>1</sup> but also that there are a great number of quite different lines of argument arising out of apparitions at the point of death, hypnotic phenomena—especially hypnotization at a distance—cases of so-called multiplex personality, automatic writing, crystal visions, dreams, &c., which all seem to point in the same direction.<sup>2</sup> I will content myself here with appealing to some very remarkable results obtained personally by Mr. Gilbert Murray, since 1908 Regius Professor of Greek at Oxford, in co-operation with his daughter, Mrs. Arnold Toynbee. These results were made public by him in his presidential address to the Society for Psychical Research, July 1915, and have since been printed with evidential records in the 29th volume of the *Proceedings of the Society*. The account of the procedure given by Professor Murray himself in his extremely humorous and convincing speech runs thus:

The method followed is this: I go out of the room and of course out of earshot. Someone in the room, generally my eldest daughter [Mrs. Toynbee], thinks of a scene or an incident or anything she likes, and says it aloud. It is written down and I am called. I come in, usually take my daughter's hand, and then if I have luck, describe in detail what she has thought of. The least disturbance of our customary method, change of time or place, presence of strangers, controversy and especially noise, is apt to make things go wrong. I become myself somewhat oversensitive and irritable, though not, I believe, to a noticeable degree.<sup>3</sup>

Here is a remarkable example of one such successful experiment:

A rather instructive case, and one in which I do think I was rather clever, referred to a scene in a book I had not read. I give it more at length:

*Subject set.* A scene in a story by Strindberg. A man and

<sup>1</sup> I refer especially to the experiments carried on between Miss Miles and Miss Ramsden recorded in Vol. XXI. of the *Proceedings of S.P.R.*, as well as to others more recent. See e.g., Vol. XXVII. of the same collection.

<sup>2</sup> A full discussion of the evidence will be found in Podmore's *Apparitions and Thought Transference*, 2nd. Edit., 1915, and in N. W. Thomas's volume on *Thought Transference*, 1905.

<sup>3</sup> Prof. Gilbert Murray in *S.P.R. Proceedings*, XXIX. 58.

woman in a lighthouse, the man lying fallen on the floor, and the woman bending over him, looking at him and hoping he is dead.

*My guess.* "A horrid atmosphere, full of hatred and discomfort. A book, not real life. A book I have not read. Not Russian, not Italian but foreign. I cannot get it. . . . There is a round tower, a man and woman in a round tower; but it is not Maeterlinck. Not like him. I should guess it was Strindberg. The woman is bending over the man and hating him, hoping he is dead."<sup>1</sup>

No doubt this represents the high-water mark, but the number of really remarkable successes seems to have been considerable. Four or five people were often present, but, as Professor Murray notes, strange surroundings, noise, or a contentious atmosphere notably interfered with the results obtained. When, as far back as 1883, Sir James Crichton Browne was invited by Mr. F. W. Myers to attend an exhibition of thought-reading the performance broke down, and Mr. Myers, it seems, declared with some vexation, "It must be allowed that this demonstration has been a total failure, and I attribute that to the offensive incredulity of Dr. Crichton Browne." Dr. Mercier, who tells the story, loudly commends Dr. Crichton Browne for imposing his own tests, and records with gusto what he considers to have been the sceptic's very effective retort: "I hope," said Sir James, "I shall always show offensive incredulity when I find myself in the presence of patent imposture."<sup>2</sup> It would seem, however, that Professor Gilbert Murray would have been likely to fail egregiously under precisely similar circumstances, and unless "patent imposture" be also laid at the door of Professor Murray, Mrs. A. W. Verrall, Mrs. Arnold Toynbee and other ladies and gentlemen associated in the experiments, the breakdown of the thought-reader under tense and agitating conditions is nothing to be surprised at. That Professor Murray should occasionally fail is thus only to be expected; the wonder is that he should ever succeed. Everything points to the fact that the concentration of mind entailed by such experiments must always be something of an effort. Professor Murray says: "I find the whole business rather unpleasant. It does not make me ill or exhaust me in any noticeable way, but I rather dislike it and would sooner do something else." No apology will be needed for giving one or two further illus-

<sup>1</sup> *S.P.R. Proceedings*, XXIX. 60.

<sup>2</sup> Mercier, *Spiritualism and Sir Oliver Lodge*, p. 7.



trations to show that the example already quoted, though striking, was not unique. Professor Murray says:

Another Strindberg case, also from a book I had not read, raises a rather interesting point. The subject set was an old, cross, poor, disappointed schoolmaster eating crabs for lunch at a restaurant, and insisting on having female crabs. I got the atmosphere, the man, the lunch in the restaurant on crabs, and thought I had finished, when my daughter said "What kind of crabs?" I felt rather impatient and said: "Oh, Lord, I don't know: Female crabs." That is, the response to the question came automatically with no preparation, while I thought I could not give it. I may add that I had never before heard of there being any inequality between the sexes among crabs regarded as food.<sup>1</sup>

Can such astonishing response of percipient to agent be explained in any other way than by telepathy? The hypothesis of collusion in a man so eminent as Prof. Murray, a trustee of the British Museum, conspicuous amongst his contemporaries for his outspokenness and independence of judgment, must be excluded at once. Of course in most of these experiments there seems to have been physical contact between himself and his daughter, and it is just conceivable that, as suggested in certain analogous cases by Mr. N. W. Thomas, if the hand of an automatist can write at the dictation of the subliminal self without the writer being conscious of the fact, Mrs. Toynbee's hand may without her knowledge have been animated by slight muscular movements which her father equally without reflex consciousness had learned to interpret as words and ideas. Still this seems a very extreme supposition and there were apparently cases, though less successful, in which there was no contact. Again, the possibility of hyperæsthesia, *i.e.*, an abnormally developed but unconscious sense of hearing has been thought of as a solution. What favours this theory is the fact that all the experiments in which the subject was not decided upon and spoken orally, but merely written down and shown in silence to the sitters, turned out to be failures. But as against this, Prof. Murray's description often included details which though true and present to the agent's mind had never been spoken aloud. Here is an extract or two from the contemporary record:

May 18, 1913. (*Mrs. Toynbee, agent*). *Subject*: "Belgian Baron

<sup>1</sup> *Proceedings*, XXIX. 61.

getting out of train at Savanarilla with us, and walking across the sandy track, and seeing the new train come in.

*Prof. Murray, response.* "Man getting out of a train and looking for something. I don't know whether he's looking for another train to come. I think it is a dry, hot sort of place. I get him with a faint impression of waxed moustaches—a sort of foreign person, but I can't get more."

The "Belgian Baron," never seen by Mr. Murray, had a waxed moustache, "not mentioned" by Mrs. Toynbee, as is noted in the contemporary record.<sup>1</sup>

Jan. 13, 1914. (*Mrs. Toynbee, agent*). *Subject*: "I think of that funny old Irishman called Dr. Hunt in the hotel at Jamaica. I'll think of the race where they would not let him ride with his little grey mare."

*Prof. Murray.* "Tropics. It's—it must have something to do with Jamaica. I can't get it a bit clear. I feel as if there were a drunken Irish doctor talking with a brogue. I can't get it clear."

To this the contemporary note says that Mrs. Toynbee "did not mention he got drunk, but he did."<sup>2</sup>

Obviously in all these cases the trustworthiness of the witnesses is the point of supreme importance and, evidentially considered, is also the point of greatest difficulty. The conviction which I personally may possess of the sincerity of M. or N., founded perhaps upon a life-long intimacy, cannot be communicated to any third person who neither knows me nor the witness himself. At the same time we do obtain a certain guarantee when we are dealing with the printed utterances of eminent men, well known to the public and respected by all. The good faith of the Miss Gregor or the Miss Hamilton, mentioned in the following extract, cannot be tested, but Mr. Andrew Lang at least was a man of the highest character, who had relations with all the intellectual world. Mr. Clodd in particular quotes him repeatedly, paying tribute to his shrewdness, and eager to exploit to the utmost the attitude of consistent distrust which Lang, himself at one time President of the Society for Psychical Research, maintained against Mrs. Piper, Eusapia Palladino, and the whole genus of paid mediums. But Andrew Lang, who was a firm believer in the voices of Jeanne d'Arc (the present writer, for one, has had many letters from him on the subject), was fully convinced of the reality of poltergeists and of the

<sup>1</sup> S.P.R. *Proceedings*, XXIX, p. 81.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* p. 82.

genuineness of telepathic phenomena, particularly in the form of "skrying" or crystal gazing.<sup>1</sup> Here is a striking example, one of many:

Some six years ago [Mr. Lang writes] I was staying in early spring in a Highland hotel, when very few visitors had assembled. With me was a young kinswoman, or "kinsgirl," Miss Gregor, whom I had known since her childhood; she was healthy, veracious, and, as far as becomes her sex, athletic. She had just found out she could see pictures in a glass ball.

After describing one or two rather noteworthy experiences, Mr. Lang goes on:

We then tried the usual experiment, myself and Miss Hamilton being present. Miss Hamilton was to think; Miss Gregor was to see the object of her thought. Miss Gregor saw a lady, "like your mother, but not your mother. Her complexion is ruddy, her eyes are brown, she is dressed in black, her hair is white," and she described the *coiffure*. I at once recognized the description, that of a lady well known to me, whom Miss Gregor had never seen. "It is right," said Miss Hamilton, "I was thinking of my aunt, my mother's sister." We then called in a Mr. Brown to do the thinking. Miss Gregor then saw the two young Englishmen already mentioned (who had left), fishing in a boat on the loch. "I began by fixing my mind on them," said Mr. Brown, "but at the last I was thinking of the big trout they caught."<sup>2</sup>

Mr. Lang had a singularly accurate and retentive memory, but it is, of course, conceivable that his report of the incident may be faulty. Similarly it is *possible* that Miss Gregor had conspired with Miss Hamilton and Mr. Brown to hoodwink her kinsman, or that she was possessed by the devil, or that the two visions were just coincidences. But all these solutions appear to me unlikely; there are so many similar cases attested by people whose honesty one has not the slightest reason to distrust. Moreover there is really little to urge against the intrinsic probability of the existence of some rudimentary telepathic faculty except the fact that it has not hitherto generally been recognized as one of man's natural endowments. But this lack of recognition is for many reasons explicable, just as the non-recognition, or at best the imper-

<sup>1</sup> See Andrew Lang's *Making of Religion*, 2nd Edition, pp. 65—104, and 307—323.

<sup>2</sup> N. W. Thomas, *Crystal Gazing* (1905), Preface by Andrew Lang, pp. xv—xvii.

fect recognition, for long ages of the force of electricity is quite explicable. If telepathy is, so to speak, found in a free state in nature, it is found only in a very low intensity, except in extremely exceptional cases. Still, if Mr. Lang is to be believed, there is some considerable recognition of it among savage races, while in more cultured circles the opinion is very prevalent that many people, by concentrating their thought upon a person at a distance, can induce him to look round, and *vice versa* that others, when they are being looked at intently by any Peeping Tom in ambush, have an assured knowledge of the fact, this being especially the case when some sexual element enters into the problem. I remember in particular being told this by a man of very sober judgment who had lived much in equatorial Africa, where in the case of the natives of both sexes clothing was dispensed with. The woman, he declared, who met the regard of all honest men unabashed, always knew what manner of evil glances were being directed at her, however stealthily this might be done.

Probably examples of telepathy are of much more frequent occurrence than is commonly supposed, especially in the case of individuals who under certain conditions of which we as yet understand nothing are peculiarly sensitive to this influence. Let me quote one slight illustration of the kind which depend entirely for their evidential value upon a knowledge of the character of the witness concerned.

Some twenty years ago I accidentally made the acquaintance of a young lady whom I may call "Nellie Rogers." She was in need of some little help and counsel and I introduced her to a friend of mine, Miss X., who for a week or ten days showed her much kindness. Her difficulties being arranged Nellie Rogers left England for ten years or more, living for part of the time in the far East. I had almost forgotten her existence when one fine day she turned up in London and came to call on me. An hour or two later I chanced to see Miss X. and in course of conversation I remarked: "Who do you think came to see me to-day?" never expecting any reply. To my intense surprise she answered instantly "Nellie Rogers." For a moment I was quite taken aback, but then I said: "Oh, you must have seen her or heard about her somewhere." "No," she replied, "I don't suppose that she has been once in my thoughts in the last half-dozen years, but

when you spoke, the name 'Nellie Rogers' suddenly popped into my head." I can only say that of my friend's sincerity I am absolutely assured. No doubt this might easily be accounted a mere coincidence, and one *would* account it such, were it not that I have had many other proofs at different times of Miss X.'s curious intuitions.

Or to take another entirely different illustration, many of my readers will probably recall the name of a London priest to whose confessional some few years since many people repaired because, as they declared, he always knew what they had to say before they said it. I myself have met more than one of his casual penitents who were deeply impressed by his inexplicable knowledge of secrets which they believed to be hidden from all the world. No doubt this power was considered by many to be evidence of extraordinary holiness, but, good and earnest priest as he was, the gift appeared to many of his most intimate friends to be of a natural rather than supernatural origin.

In conclusion, it seems worth while to call attention to the remarkable statement made by Professor Henri Bergson in his Presidential Address of 1913 in which he declared among other things that he had the same kind of certainty regarding the fact of telepathy which he had of the destruction of the Spanish Armada.

The more we become accustomed [he said] to this idea of a consciousness which overflows the organism, the more natural and probable we find the hypothesis that the soul survives the body. Were, indeed, the mental moulded exactly on to the cerebral, were there nothing more in human consciousness than what could be read in a human brain, we might have to admit that consciousness must share the fate of the body and die with it. But if the facts, studied without any prepossessions, lead us on the contrary to regard the mental life as much more vast than the cerebral life, survival becomes so probable that the burden of proof comes to lie on him who denies it rather than on him who affirms it; for, as I have said elsewhere, "the one and only reason we can have for believing in an extinction of consciousness after death is that we see the body become disorganized; and this reason has no longer any value, if the independence, however partial, of consciousness in regard to the body is also a fact of experience."<sup>1</sup>

It is the more or less clear-sighted recognition of the

<sup>1</sup> Bergson, *Presidential Address*, authorized English translation, in *Proceedings S.P.R.*, Vol. XXVII. p. 171.

validity of this line of argument which supplies an explanation of the hostile attitude of "Science," *i.e.*, of rationalism, towards the phenomena of telepathy. As M. Bergson says again; it is the function of science to measure, and its tendency is to ignore all those aspects of life which are not capable of being measured. On the other hand "it is of the essence of mental things that they do not lend themselves to measurement." Telepathy runs counter to the favourite scientific hypothesis that there is a strict parallelism between the cerebral and the mental, and consequently science will have none of it. To develop the point further is here impossible, but it would be, I venture to urge, a fatal mistake, if the spiritualistic extravagances of some prominent psychical researchers led us to ignore the much more solid fact of Telepathy, and blinded us to the excellent arguments against current materialism which may be deduced from its recognition.

HERBERT THURSTON.

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## TRIBULATION

**H**AST known the depths, O Soul?  
 The utter blackness where the thunders roll?  
 Hast shivered at the touch of grim despair?  
 Hast thought: "Why should this be?  
 For others walk in sunny paths and free,  
 And why should not my path in life be fair?"

Know that dark places hold  
 Within their depths rich treasures manifold—  
 The brave alone may dare to seek and find.  
 The miner, toiling deep  
 In darkness, while his fellows softly sleep,  
 Brings warmth and light and comfort to mankind.

JUDITH CARRINGTON.



# MISCELLANEA

## I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

### THE HEREFORD APPOINTMENT.

THE protest against the appointment to the See of Hereford of Dr. Hensley Henson seems likely to follow the same course as the similar protests which three times within the last three-quarters of a century have been made against endeavours of the Crown to raise to the episcopate ecclesiastics whose opinions were held by the more orthodox members of the Anglican Church to be unsound and dangerous. The charge against Dr. Hensley Henson is that he is unsound on the question of Bible miracles, particularly as to the greatest of miracles, the bodily resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ. Such an offence against Christian belief, if really established, would certainly seem to be serious and even disastrous in one who if he should be consecrated would have to count as an authoritative witness to Christian doctrine in his communion. None the less the charge, as on the previous occasions, those namely of Bishop Hampden, appointed to Hereford in 1847, of Bishop Temple, appointed to Exeter in 1869, and of Bishop Gore, appointed to Worcester in 1902, has been at once met by a counter-charge of narrowness and intolerance brought against those who take objection to Dr. Henson's opinions; whilst he himself testifies that over thirty Anglican Bishops, not to speak of clergy of less degree belonging to various schools of Anglican thought, have encouraged him to persist in his acceptance of the See, by the cordial letters of sympathy and approval they have written to him. Three Bishops, it is true, have ranged themselves with those who find his appointment scandalous, the Bishops of London, Winchester and Salisbury respectively, while the Bishop of Oxford has gone so far as to write a letter of protest to the Archbishop of Canterbury exhorting him to refuse to consecrate the objectionable prelate. Meanwhile the Dean and Canons of Hereford have complied, in the manner which is usual and legal, with the *congé d'élire*, and elected Dr. Henson by a substantial vote of 14 out of the 19 who compose this chapter, the other four being content merely to

abstain from voting. About the time then that these notes will be in the hands of our readers, the affair will doubtless have been terminated by the nominee's consecration, for Archbishop Davidson has replied to Bishop Gore by a letter the text of which appears in *The Times* on the day on which we are writing, and which declares that his Grace has been seriously considering the matter, and has carefully read the books in which Dr. Henson sets forth the views to which exception has been taken, but with the result that he sees no sufficient reason why he should not do his part as consecrator in carrying this Crown appointment into effect. Though Dr. Henson's writings have been before the world for some years, no attempt has been made to bring their author before any ecclesiastical court on a charge of unsound doctrine, and that being so he has a right to be consecrated, and the Archbishop feels all the more bound to perform the ceremony for him, because, though he finds that his language in some of his writings is incautious and calculated to convey the impression which his opposers have derived from them, he [the Archbishop] does not think that Dr. Henson really intended to be understood in that sense. Archbishop Davidson, too, who is noted for the cleverness with which he extricates himself from these recurrent complications, delicately suggests to Bishop Gore that, had that prelate himself been dealt with as he would have Dr. Hensley Henson dealt with now, he might have himself been refused consecration when appointed to the see of Worcester in 1902. There were those who demanded his exclusion then on the ground of his editorship of *Lux Mundi*, a book which had recently appeared and was denounced by the late Canon Liddon as a book "with a materialistic and Pelagianising tone, the [writers of which] seem to think it a gain when they can prune away or economize the supernatural." How far Canon Liddon was influenced in his opposition to Dr. Gore's candidature by other motives than the latter's general responsibility as editor for the views expressed in *Lux Mundi*, we cannot now recollect, but if Mr. Theodore Brocklebank (see *Spectator* for January 5, 1918) is correct, his *ipsissima verba* in a sermon preached at Birmingham on December 10, 1902, were, "The evidence of our Lord's birth of a virgin was not part of the original apostolic testimony, and still to-day is not a ground on which belief is asked," he held doctrine sadly at variance with the *ipsissima*

*verba* of the Apostles' Creed and hardly distinguishable from the chief points that have been found intolerable in Dr. Henson's writings. However, what saved Dr. Gore in 1902 was to some extent the acknowledgment made by Archdeacon Denison (a former protagonist in the opposition to Bishop Temple's consecration to Exeter in 1869) in the Convocation of 1892, when Dr. Davidson it seems was present, that he "would not after the lapse of years endorse the protest which he had himself drawn up and presented to Convocation in 1869." Archbishop Davidson, in calling attention to this episode of past history, and sweetening the reminder by recognizing that he himself "owed much to *Lux Mundi*," seems to reflect the view expressed by Canon Carus Selwyn, of Peterborough, in the *Spectator* of last December 12. "Do [we] not remember the crises of Maurice, Colenso, and Robertson Smith, and can [we] not see that the ideas of these men have been absorbed into the Churches? Do [we] not remember how an eminent living Bishop [*i.e.*, Bishop Gore] by his theological concessions nearly broke the heart of Canon Liddon? Yet his ideas too have been absorbed. . . . The Christian faith and experience have grown throughout the centuries largely by absorption, as any one can read in the history of the creeds. . . . Cannot those who absorb them absorb one who at any rate stands for their own case?"

And this, though somewhat unpleasantly put, appears to be a fairly accurate account of the process that has been going on now for a considerable time in the Anglican communion. A current of theological speculation based not on faithful adherence to the message of Christian revelation, but on rationalistic principles, has at various moments during the last century and a half or more invaded and transfused the current of Anglican thought and belief as it came down from the Elizabeth reformers and Caroline expositors, and the effect of this intermingling of the streams has been to colour more and more deeply the tone and quality of Anglican belief. There is no doubt that the result of this colouring has been acceptable to the vast majority, at all events, of those who are influential in that communion, and if the aim of their Church is to be a national Church, and as such to embrace as large a number as possible of English worshippers, by all means let us recognize the process going on as legitimate. But here comes in the point which we should like, if they will

let us, to press upon the consideration of that section of the Anglican body who approach nearest to ourselves in their conception of what the true Church must needs be. These feel that, as the ancient Church so firmly held, it is the Church's mission to "keep the deposit" of revealed truth originally confided to it, and to avoid resolutely those "profane novelties of language" which is the Biblical description of the opinions they are now invited to absorb on the plea that they are the imperious dictates of modern science—so called. They cannot, therefore, but feel that there is something very wrong in the religious condition in which they find themselves, forced persistently by their own prelates to assimilate such poisonous mental food. They are living in consequence in a state of profound depression which calls for and should receive all our sympathy. O! if only their distress might move them to ask themselves seriously the question which others similarly tried on former occasions have felt the need of asking themselves, and thereby have found their way out into the clear light! Can a Church which so persistently absorbs heresy after heresy have any share in the promise held out to the true Church of Christ?

S. F. S.

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#### THE BIRTH-RATE CONTROL PROPAGANDA.

ONE would have thought that there were enough burning questions at present agitating the minds of men without the introduction of new contentious topics which could in any case wait for a solution until the war was happily ended. But just as the religious convulsion of the sixteenth century brought in its train all kinds of political disturbances, so the political convulsion through which we are passing is treated by our rationalist malcontents as a golden opportunity for upsetting the existing order of ideas in the sphere of religion. Not to speak of such topics as education and divorce, we would draw attention in the present note to the efforts now systematically being made to influence the public opinion of this country in favour of birth-limitation. Over and over again the unsuspecting reader has it dinned into his ears that a high birth-rate means a high death-rate, and that where few children are born the number of deaths is proportionately reduced. Only a few weeks ago the Right Hon. J. M. Robert-

son, M.P. was harping upon this note in a course of lectures delivered at the National Liberal Club. We quote the special report published in the *Westminster Gazette*.

The lecturer said that population for population's sake was mere brutality. . . . On the plainest grounds of common sense parents should be taught to limit their families, inasmuch as heedless parentage was to blame for very much poverty. People should not have families of fourteen, ten, or even eight. It was usually poor folk, such as labourers, curates and crofters, who had large families. Well-to-do people limited their families in order that both parents and children might secure better advantages of life. It was the clear duty of the poorer class to keep their families small. . . . The truth of the matter was that the imprudent poor did not rear big families but that they merely increased the death-rate. . . . There can be no good future for the human race without limitation of birth.

Still more recently a certain Dr. C. K. Millard, the Medical Officer of Health for Leicester, has dealt with the same theme. All through the world's history, he told his hearers, overflowing populations had been a fruitful cause of political unrest and war. Germany's mad dream of world supremacy was fostered and encouraged by her rapid increase of population, which led, not unnaturally, to a desire for expansion and a "place in the sun." If the fall of the birth-rate in Germany had set in earlier the present awful catastrophe might have been avoided. He then went on to urge that the fact that the professional classes had the smallest families and the miners and unskilled labourers the largest spoke for itself. It was notorious that the birth-rate in the slums was nearly double that of the well-to-do residential districts. There was a close correlation of a high birth-rate on the one hand and poverty, overcrowding and infant mortality on the other.

From one point of view we may in some sense be grateful to Dr. C. K. Millard. Many of the Neo-Malthusians who deal with these subjects hide their real meaning under decorous phrases. They speak in general terms of family limitation but they do not commit themselves to any definite statement that that control should be exercised by artificial means, though they know well in what sense the advice will be interpreted by nineteen out of twenty of their hearers or readers. On the other hand Dr. Millard leaves no doubt as to his meaning. In one of his formulated conclusions he expresses

regret that "detailed knowledge of birth control is not readily available for the very poor by whom it is most urgently needed."<sup>1</sup> If it were merely a question of that mutual and voluntary abstention which the Catholic Church recognizes as the only lawful means of restricting families, no such language could possibly be used. Plainly Dr. Millard without any sort of disguise recommends the use of contraceptives.

To the Catholic and to many others who, without being Catholics, are believers in the ethical code which Christianity from the very earliest ages has based upon Scripture and reason, these practices are abhorrent because intrinsically evil. They are designed to frustrate the primary purpose of the married state and we are satisfied that the normal conscience is here guided by an instinct which speaks quite as plainly as in the case of intoxication, polygamy, cannibalism, or suicide. Still this is a point which we do not propose to develop, as it makes little appeal to those who are committed to a morality which is professedly utilitarian. More to the point is the contention advanced by Dr. Millard, Mr. Robertson, and the other Neo-Malthusians, that a low birth-rate necessarily implies a lower death-rate, and that, as large families go hand and hand with poverty, ignorance, and degradation, the world's only salvation lies in judicious birth-control. This is a matter which more readily lends itself to argument, and the first point which we have to call attention to is the fact that *the inference is not admitted* by those who have the best claim to speak in the name of eugenic and economic science. Any casual reader of the utterances of Mr. Robertson or Dr. Millard would be left under the impression that the whole scientific world was at their back. So far as imperfect reports allow us to form a judgment, they deliberately ignore the fact that the highest expert authority, both at the Local Government Board and the General Register Office, pronounces in a contrary sense. Instead of recommending family limitation as a remedy for these economic troubles, Sir Arthur Newsholme, the Medical Officer of the Local Government Board, in the most recent official paper on the subject explicitly says:

Notwithstanding the general coincidence between declining birth-rate and declining child-mortality in recent years, the numerous

<sup>1</sup> See *Maternity and Child Welfare*, Jan. 1918. Dr. Millard's conclusions are given on p. 34.



exceptions to this association quoted above do not permit of the conclusion that restriction of the birth-rate should play a part in the prevention of excessive child mortality.<sup>1</sup>

Sir Arthur rejects the conclusion that there is any *necessary* causal connection between birth-rate and death-rate. He, of course, admits that in the towns no example can yet be quoted of a very high birth-rate combined with a low child death-rate, but he also declares that it is far from being true that the child death-rate even in urban districts varies directly with the birth-rate. On the other hand in Ireland, "under circumstances of life which are chiefly rural" we have as he shows, "a most striking instance of a very low infant mortality with a very high birth-rate."<sup>2</sup>

In this same Report the most careful attention is paid to the complex conditions bearing upon the problem of child-mortality. Sir Arthur is far too careful a student to adopt any one-sided view. He admits, for example, that:

If a large family implies such a degree of poverty as to produce deficient nutrition of mother or child, the child's prospects of health and life must be reduced. Short of this extreme poverty, it is evident that if a large family implies maternal overwork and insufficient attention to domestic cleanliness and personal hygiene generally, the same result will be favoured.<sup>3</sup>

But the remedy, according to him, is not to be found in family limitation. In spite of such drawbacks as the ignorance and thriftlessness of mothers, insufficient house accommodation, inadequate food supply and bad sanitation, all may yet be well, supposing proper attention on the part of the local authority. Except in a few quite exceptional cases, infants would live and thrive, if only the mother could "*secure the assistance required in the various contingencies of maternity and childhood.*" This, Sir Arthur Newsholme believes, is now in a fair way of being realized as a consequence of the Midwives Act and the Notification of Births Act.<sup>4</sup> To argue that, because during some years there has been a correlation between the fall of the birth-rate and the fall of the death-rate, a

<sup>1</sup> *Report on Child Mortality* issued in connection with the 45th Annual Report of the Local Government Board (the Preface is dated March 1917); p. 78.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* p. 77. Cf. *Carnegie Reports*, Vol. IV. p. 9.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* p. 78.

<sup>4</sup> Notification of the birth of a child has now to be made to the district medical officer of health within 36 hours. This, it is hoped, will secure proper medical care for the mother and nutrition for the infant. The well-being of the child has become a State concern.

further diminution of families is therefore desirable, is only, what the same high authority calls in another context "a facile and unbalanced jumping at conclusions."

Not less flimsy is the suggestion recklessly thrown out by Dr. Millard that the present great war is really the effect of over-population, the struggle, in other words, of Germany to find breathing space for her swarming people. The simple fact, which can be verified in any statistical hand-book, that between 1880 and 1890 when Germany had a population of less than 50 millions, German emigrants to the United States numbered nearly 100,000 per annum, whereas between 1904 and 1914, with ten millions more of population, the emigration figures had fallen to less than one-fourth of the earlier total, is sufficient to show the absurdity of any such contention.

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H. T.

## II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH

### **The Need of Victory.**

It is the constant contention of the Allied Powers that they are fighting for justice against an unjust aggressor. Their primary aim, therefore, is to defeat the aggressor, to make him repair his injustice, and to exact from him adequate security against a repetition of his offence. It is hard to see what lesser object the champions of justice could contemplate. As representing the Society of Nations, which by this time they assuredly do, they might justly add punishment to their aims, and subject those responsible for the aggression to the fate which properly belongs to convicted robbers and murderers. But as far as pronouncements go, and in spite of the precedent afforded by the treatment of the first Napoleon, they seem content to leave such vindication of justice in the hands of those whom their rulers have so grievously misled. They are probably safe in doing so. Prussianism will never survive defeat in the field and the subsequent loss of territory and trade and prestige and power for the sake of which it has hitherto been tolerated. On this account it is that the Allies insist upon the necessity of victory. To make terms with undefeated Prussianism would be to compound an international felony. Victory is not end in itself. The quest of barren glory-laurels has too often been the aim of autocracies avid for dynastic renown and oligarchies eager for prestige. But the Allied democracies desire victory, not for the indulgence of racial or national vanity, but because it seems to be the only means of securing the survival of Christian civilization, or at least of a

civilization which is not definitely anti-Christian. If Germany would repudiate her war-philosophy in fact, as she has already done in word,<sup>1</sup> acknowledge her fault and make amends, there would be no need of further fighting and peace would be in sight. But Prussia is still Germany's mouthpiece and Prussia necessarily speaks Prussian.

**Allies'  
War Aims.**

All the Allies can do, then, is what they have done by the mouths of the British Premier and the American President—state their war-aims with the greatest clearness, show the world that they are free from the taint of Prussianism, and defy their enemies to convict them of injustice. The fact that the Central Empires have never ventured to say in any detail on what terms they would be content to make peace seems to show that they are ashamed to declare their aims. Such declarations as different parties amongst them make indicate a wide divergence of view, but though responsible leaders cannot be brought to state, as ours have stated, what they want and why. There is no lack of definiteness about the Premier's declaration on January 5th, the special significance of which was that it was made after consultation with the representatives of Labour and addressed in the first instance to the Labour Conference on Man-Power. Thus it may be regarded as the utterance of the people as well as of the politicians. This, likewise, explains its moderation of tone and its emphatic repudiation of imperialistic motives. The British democracy in its present mood shrinks from all forms of national aggression. The President's statement to Congress on January 8th was more detailed, both as to principle and aim, and that too has won the emphatic endorsement of Labour. It may serve as the charter of a permanent democratic peace. Never, perhaps, has there been such unity of object expressed in such detail since the war began, for it has become clear to all that the peace, which is the justification of such colossal sacrifices, cannot be obtained till militarism is destroyed. And militarism can only be destroyed by depriving militarists of political power.

**A World  
safe for  
Democracy.**

In this sense must be interpreted the often-repeated declaration of the Allies that the destruction of Germany or the German people, or for that matter of Austria-Hungary, is not our object in war. It is for the Germans and the Austrians to re-

<sup>1</sup> "The Imperial Government welcomes with special sympathy the leading idea of the peace appeal, in which His Holiness clearly expresses his conviction that, in the future, the material power of arms must be superseded by the moral power of right." Reply to the Pope, Sept. 21, 1917. The Austrians' reply (Sept. 20, 1917) endorses the Pope's "leading idea" with even more emphasis and in greater detail. The whole gist of the matter lies here.

model their own State-philosophy, first, because it is demonstrably unsound in theory, and secondly because it will no longer work in practice. It has brought upon them even before the final defeat the execration of civilized humanity, and civilized humanity will no longer put up with it. People of uncleanly habits are not tolerated in decent society: people with infectious diseases are segregated for the public welfare: similarly nations whose political ideals make them impossible to live with must expect to be boycotted until they mend their ways. And so it remains for the German and Austrian peoples, when the impotence of militarism to achieve prosperity has been finally demonstrated, to take steps to translate the professions of their leaders into deeds, and thus make themselves worthy of entering the League of Civilized Nations, who are determined to have done with the barbarity of war and the pride, selfishness, and injustice that cause it. German militarists have hindered the formation of this League hitherto: to their suspicion and mistrust the futility of the Hague Conferences has been mainly due. The Allied democracies, to be followed, no doubt, by German democracy too, when once it has shaken off the incubus of militarism, are determined to endure no longer that menace of war which for so many centuries has shadowed and burdened and poisoned peace. The evil is dying hard: it is a product of materialism and mammon-worship: it finds a congenial soil in the hearts of those who have repudiated the Christian ideal; consequently we have little hope of its final disappearance until Christianity definitely triumphs. But, as the laws of social well-being are, rightly understood, in complete harmony with the moral law, we may trust that even the non-Christian may in his search for the former unwittingly realize the latter.

**A Substitute  
for the Balance  
of Power.**

Meanwhile Prussianism has continually to be combated at home. Many of our Jingo journalists of the *Globe* and *Morning Post* stamp seem, as we have frequently pointed out, to abhor Germany's bid for world-supremacy simply because it takes no account of Britain's prior claim to the same pre-eminence. Might makes right, the end justifies the means, success is a proof of divine favour—these principles underlie their arguments. We need not deny that peace of a sort and probably much national prosperity would result if one State could effectively and permanently assert itself over the rest, and rule them as its vassals, directing their energies and suppressing their disputes. But Providence has not thus arranged the world. It is with organized nations as with individuals: however much they may differ in wealth, power, extent, or degree of civilization they have all certain fundamental indefeasible rights—*e.g.*, to existence, inde-

pendence, integrity—which inhere in the Nation as such and of which it cannot justly be deprived. On this idea was constructed what is known as the “Balance of Power,” the only system possible in the family of nations so long as Christian principles do not govern their mutual dealings. It assumed that no State could become much more powerful than its neighbours without setting itself to infringe those neighbours’ rights—an assumption abundantly borne out by history. And as a consequence the various States strove, by fair means such as defensive alliances and by foul such as aggression on their own account, to check the growth of a single super-State. The system has been successful so far, but at what cost in armament competition, punitive tariffs, incessant diplomatic bickerings, scares of war and finally the dread event itself, the world’s history displays. Now instead of this “precarious equipoise” of rival claims, the world, war-weary but somewhat wiser than heretofore, is going to try law in preference to force and, as so long as man has free will law must be backed by force, to secure that the needful force shall be applied economically and only in the very last resort. The League of Nations, for which the world is sighing and which the *Morning Post* scoffs at and derides, will not be based upon a balance of power, for the very smallest and weakest State will rank with the strongest as far as the essential rights of nationhood go. Its interests will be respected and safeguarded, not because of its own ability to enforce them, but because of the common regard for justice and the common interest in enforcing it. In such a League there is clearly no room for Prussianism or that foolish racial boastfulness that has masqueraded so long as patriotism.

**Christian  
Prussianism !**

The Prussianism that is merely Darwinism applied to international politics is bad enough but it is easily detected and exposed by the Christian mind. But there is a worse variety, that which claims supremacy on the strength of a supposed divine decree. It is exemplified in the argument of a recent book called *Christian Imperialism*, the writer of which, not content with claiming that the British race has been “chosen of God for a high mission,” which may very well be—since all nations have their Providential functions in the world’s economy—goes on to assert that our theories of life “have been stamped with the seal of Christ’s approval,” a much more dubious proposition. The writer, like the Kaiser himself, pays lip-service to the Christian ideal, but is quite as far from understanding it. Christianity goes ill with Imperialism which, as hitherto practised by the world’s Empires, has been motived by greed and ambition rather than by zeal for justice or desire to serve. So we are not surprised to find this Imperialist asserting

quite openly the necessity of Britain's naval policy being characterized by "aggression" and "selfishness," and claiming lordship over the sea "by the tacit consent of the nations." Here we have the spirit of "Navalism" of which the Germans accuse us, which is a far different thing from the naval preponderance necessary, *as things at present are amongst the nations*, for the security of an Island State.

It is necessary if painful to comment on this strange inability to notice the beam in one's own eye which afflicts many critics of Prussianism. It shows how far the Golden Rule of Christianity is from being their canon of judgment. It appears again in the *Saturday Review's* advice to our airmen to bomb Cologne Cathedral in reprisal for the destruction of Rheims, and in the condonation by a *Tablet* correspondent of "unrestricted belligerency." We have constantly to exorcise this evil spirit if we would win the divine blessing on our arms. "Either a war is a crusade," was finely said in the *Athenæum* for December, "or it is a crime. If right be the Allies' goal, then right must be the Allies' limit." In the mind of the Christian belligerency is always "restricted" by the moral law.

**The Freedom  
of  
the Seas.**

Sir John Macdonell, an eminent authority on International Law, recently declared that the phrase "The Freedom of the Seas" could legally be interpreted in seven distinct senses.

Accordingly, those who use it, whether in a discussion of war-aims or otherwise, would do well to declare what they mean by it. In the early stages of the war Britain was roundly accused of "navalism," an unjust use of naval force, even by a friendly neutral like America. In several of his utterances President Wilson put forward the "freedom of the seas" as one of the ideals towards which the world was struggling, thus plainly indicating his belief that in some unspecified way or other that freedom hitherto had been unjustifiably restricted, and chiefly by this country. That, indeed, has been the traditional view of America, dating from the War of Independence. She has always, for instance, contested for the immunity of non-contraband private property at sea. The President, in his famous speech to the Senate at this time last year, wished the seas to be "free and common in *practically all circumstances* for the use of mankind." But the President now looks on the matter through other spectacles, the fact being that in a conflict like the present no property can be regarded as non-contraband. Everything that reaches the enemy from outside sources helps to maintain his war-strength, even though it is not directly convertible into munitions. Hence the determination, of America even more than of the Allies, not to allow neutrals who have free access to Germany more goods of



any kind than sufficed for their needs before the war. Any excess of those needs is presumed to be intended for the enemy. America's practical recognition of the right of thus besieging an enemy country shows that her President, in putting freedom of the seas into the American peace programme, was not contemplating present conditions but those consequent on the effective establishment of a League of Nations to preserve peace. For the second item runs—

Absolute freedom of navigation, alike in peace and war, outside territorial waters, except as the seas may be closed, in whole or in part, by international action for the enforcement of international covenants.

As we showed last October<sup>1</sup> it was under the same supposition that the phrase was used in the Papal Note of August. Both Pope and President are contemplating the conditions of permanent peace, amongst which the reduction and pooling of naval armaments are prominent. If security, which is the *raison d'être* of naval supremacy, can be attained by international action there is no reason why any individual nation should aim at attaining it by its own efforts. No citizen in a well-ordered community feels the necessity of keeping a private police-force.

#### Lessons from Russia.

About Russia it behoves the prudent to speak with all reserve. We know nothing except what is sifted through several censorships and finally through the sieve of the party Press. But it is clear that anarchy has replaced despotism; civil war, struggle against Germany. The leaders of the moment are conducting a debate with Prussian militarism on the conditions of peace, the immediate result of which it is easy to foresee. What Germany has she holds, till another stronger than she shall dispossess her. Lofty ideals about the "self-determination of peoples" are the jest of the imperialist, and the Bolsheviks' practical intolerance of opposition shows that their own theories are only skin-deep. If they would drop their socialistic prejudices, their revolutionary cant, their obsession about capitalists and the *bourgeoisie*, and confine their efforts to the political sphere, they would be at once more consistent and more successful. Their mingling of economics with politics paralyzes their own energies and alienates the sympathy of the lovers of freedom. Their real enemy is imperialism, the foe of all democracies, the spirit which makes one nation seek to dominate others and make them in some way minister to its wealth and power. Having overthrown autocracy and disavowed imperialism, the one aim of Russia should have been to show what a superior system democracy is, whether as regards internal harmony and justice or

<sup>1</sup> THE MONTH, p. 359.

security against external dangers. But she has become the prey of Godless anarchists, outbidding each other in rapacity, intolerance and political incapacity. In their proclamations the word "revolutionary" does duty for all the virtues, as if revolution were an end in itself and as if the ideal State should be perpetually revolving. Above all we see no trace in their utterances of any recognition of Almighty God or of religion. The Russian Church has seemingly perished with the old regime. Civil and religious authority have disappeared together, and men are trying to establish a new order on a purely secular basis. Is it too much to hope that our socialists and rationalists will profit by the object-lesson thus provided, and that our imperialists too, who are the extremists of the opposite camp, may learn that suppressed liberty issues finally in licence?

**The ill-effects  
of the  
Reformation.**

One might have thought that the pooled experience of mankind would by this time have taught even those who are incapable of accurate reasoning that liberty unchecked by law is harmful to the individual and to society alike, and that the essential equality of men does not demand the suppression of all accidental differences. But history, which is the record of experience, is a sealed book to the multitude, and very often, because of the bias of historians, an untrustworthy guide to the better educated. And thus we have the crimes and follies of the French Revolution reenacted in contemporary Russia, and thus we see the persistence of the view that the break with authority and tradition in the sixteenth century was a real gain to the human intellect. As the popular scientist swallows, without suspicion of its arbitrariness and inconsistency, the crude hypothesis of evolution, so the popular historian continues to repeat the inveterate falsehood that the Reformation movement represented real moral and intellectual progress and was not rather the direct cause of the political and religious chaos of the modern world.

The Reformation [says an *Athenæum*<sup>1</sup> writer, voicing the current Protestant theory] meant the overthrow of external moral authority. The Renaissance and the Reformation sent men on the stormy seas of intellectual and moral adventure. And though many succumbed, and still succumb, freedom of thought and belief was established.

Considering that the external moral authority, which for some portion of the world at any rate was overthrown, was that established by Christ, we easily understand why many succumbed and still succumb "on the stormy seas of intellectual and moral adventure." They shut their eyes to the sun of justice and guide

<sup>1</sup> Jan. 1918, p. 9.

themselves by the rushlight of private judgment. And by a rightful nemesis the only freedom of thought and belief they achieve is the freedom that results from ignorance of the truth. The writer of the above passage would doubtless laugh at the political folly of the Russian extremists who so ignore the lessons of the past, but his own misreading of history is quite as ridiculous. As Canon Barry has shown in his brilliant *Four Centuries of Luther*,<sup>1</sup> we are painfully reaping now, in the widespread disregard for the moral law, and in the ignorance of the first principles of social well-being around us, the antinomian crop sown in the field of Catholicism by Luther.

**Antinomian  
Ethics.**

Absolute liberty belongs to God alone. The claim lately made by Mr. G. W. E. Russell that "liberty to act in things secular and sacred, in public and in private, according to one's own conviction of what is right is the one incomparable good of life,"<sup>2</sup> states a principle demonstrably false, one which would dissolve the bonds of human society, one, indeed, which is dissolving Russian society into a hundred jarring groups. It makes the individual conscience the measure of truth and goodness. It would justify every sort of moral excess. It is at the root of the loathsome proposals of the Divorce Reform Society. It is the main principle of Rationalism, a system which by destroying the intellectual foundations and the moral sanctions of good conduct, opens the door to every sort of abomination. This rejection of revelation and supernatural religion is a worse enemy to society than the brute force of militarism. Christian civilization has more to fear from its advocates than from the Hun. Its growth would prolong the war and would poison our triumph. The assault now being engineered against the institution of marriage, the keystone of society, not only by the Divorce "Reformers" but by Malthusians and Eugenists, is an ominous sign of its prevalence. Sinful limitation devices are recommended at Maternity Centres. We learn from our contemporary, the *Glasgow Observer*<sup>3</sup> that a secret propaganda is being carried on by leaflets advocating Birth Control issued by the Malthusian League and by agents of the same organization calling themselves Health Visitors, and lately, a prominent member of the League, Mr. J. M. Robertson, M.P., has been misrepresenting and deriding in a peculiarly offensive manner<sup>4</sup> the

<sup>1</sup> C.T.S. 1d.

<sup>2</sup> *Politics and Personalities*.

<sup>3</sup> Jan. 19.

<sup>4</sup> What passes for evidence with this kind of opponent may be seen from a letter of Mr. Robertson's to the *Westminster Gazette* (Dec. 17.), wherein he says—"I am aware that the mass of the Catholics of France practise family limitation, and that a very large number of their priests acquiesce. I am also

Catholic teaching and practice in this matter. Surely amongst the first measures to be passed for the reconstitution of society should be one making the publication of such literature and the sale of contraceptive devices a criminal offence.

**The Cult  
of  
Hate.**

The danger of corruption of the public mind in this country by Prussianism is constantly being made manifest. A prominent literary man calls upon us to cultivate hatred of our enemies as a stimulus to our energies, forgetting the virtuous repudiation with which the spirit of Herr Lissauer's "Hymn of Hate" was greeted in this country early in the war. Sir A. Conan Doyle thinks that a mistake. We must go down to the Lissauer level: we must not forgo an advantage which the Germans have known how to use. As usual, the suggestion called forth a variety of opinions, testifying to the chaotic state of modern ethics. The eye-for-an-eye, "bombing-back" gentry chorused praise: a Christian or two ventured a word of deprecation: an Anglican Bishop gave a clear statement of Christian teaching on the subject, distinguishing between the sin and the sinner, and pointing out that even enemies are to be loved. Unfortunately he did not go on to explain that love, so far from excluding the punishment of the sinner, is eager for it as a means of his amendment. The chance of expiating wrong-doing by repentance and reparation is the greatest benefit we can wish the sinner, for that is the only way in which by union with Christ's merits he can escape divine justice. Hatred, on the other hand, is to wish evil to the sinner, to desire his destruction not his amelioration, to will him irremediable loss. It is directed against the person rather than his conduct or qualities. This is clean contrary to Christianity, and in itself is a deadly sin against the fifth commandment. It is quite a distinct thing from the righteous indignation to which, in his ignorance of Christian ethics, Sir A. Doyle thinks it equivalent. The latter is due to a God-implanted sense of justice which is the reflection of the divine rectitude and the very backbone of morality. Provided it *is* righteous, inspired by zeal for God's honour and for the spread of His kingdom, we cannot have too much of it. But if it is mainly selfish in origin, a mere reaction of egotism, it soon degenerates into vice. Let the thought, then, of the manifold iniquities of the Prussian at war nerve us to whatever sacrifice is

aware that many educated English Catholics reject his views," [*i.e.* the Catholic doctrine enunciated by a correspondent]. And he goes on to assert with regard to Catholic confessors what is as completely untrue and, in any case, as entirely beyond the possible scope of his knowledge as are his previous statements. Whatever may be the case with regard to those who have given up the practice of their faith it is simply false to state that Catholics are not agreed as to the essential sinfulness of the practices advocated.

necessary to put an end to such abominations, but make us all the more careful to banish every trace of the like spirit from our own conduct.

**An Apologist  
for  
Herod!**

There are other instances besides this ill-advised campaign of hate, and the no less unsound demand for indiscriminate air-reprisals, of the pernicious effects of bad example. The attack upon belief in revealed religion inaugurated by Luther has ever since been maintained and developed chiefly in Lutheran Germany, and our own rationalists are one and all devout disciples of the Hun. To Haeckel Mr. Joseph McCabe pays more awful deference than the most benighted Papist does to the Pope, and Sir Harry Johnston, having looked up certain German divines in the *Encyclopedia Biblica*, takes their demolition of the New Testament narrative as itself Gospel and forthwith becomes an expert in the Higher Criticism! An article in the *Daily Chronicle* for Dec. 28 drew an apposite moral from the story of the Holy Innocents, and incidentally passed reflections on the conduct and character of King Herod. This was too much for that zealous exegete, Sir Harry Johnston, who complained that the writer had never taken the trouble to read up the subject in the *Encyclopedia Biblica*, or else he would have known that the whole story of the massacre was a myth, invented by Matthew to fulfil an O. T. prophecy! And another venerable rationalist, Mr. Edward Clodd, relying on the same sources and pointing acutely to the fact that our Lord throughout the Gospels is spoken of as "of Nazareth" corroborates his fellow critic. Both are obviously ignorant of anything that has been written since Professor Usener of Bonn demolished the Gospels in the *Encyclopedia Biblica*: neither have apparently heard of Ramsay's *Was Christ born in Bethlehem?* or the return of Harnack to comparative critical orthodoxy: both have the faculty so common in "rationalists" of closing their eyes to evidence that tends to upset their prejudices. Father Hugh Pope had an easy task in showing that Herod's defender was merely voicing the long-discredited opinions of the Tübingen School and echoing old heresies of the fourth century, but Sir H. Johnston found it convenient to ignore these pertinent facts. He was allowed the last word, although another correspondent was prepared to show that he claimed the support of both Philo and Josephus without really knowing what these writers say! It will take some time, doubtless, before these German vapourings, long seen through by the educated, will cease to obscure the vision of Sir Harry Johnston and the man in the street.

**Sir Oliver Lodge  
and Catholic  
Obscurantism.**

The appeal which Sir Oliver Lodge makes to the Christian Church in the January *Nineteenth Century* to reconsider her attitude towards Spiritism is vitiated at the outset by the false implication of its title. He styles it "Fact versus Dogma," the inference being that dogmas are not facts, whereas spiritistic phenomena are. This view is characteristic of the non-Catholic mind, which has no assured grasp of supernatural truth and considers the facts of revelation which are embodied in dogmas as being liable to modification by the facts of experience. Yet such truths as God's existence, Christ's Divinity, the Real Presence, the Trinity, the Indefectibility of the Church, are all facts of the first importance, depending in no way on man's verification of them, but on the solid foundation of God's authority. No possible growth of human knowledge or experience can disprove or change them. Taking dogma in its proper sense as the expression of truth revealed by God and guaranteed by His veracity, our certainty in its regard is much greater than that which arises from human authority. Beginning thus inauspiciously Sir Oliver goes on in the same unhappy fashion, accusing the Church of having on the whole always "opposed discovery." He thinks the statement cannot be questioned effectively because "conspicuous instances are too flagrant." Doubtless, he has Galileo in his mind, the one instance the effect of which is so grossly exaggerated and which, although it is the only one, is always made to do duty as a type by careless or dishonest controversialists. Ecclesiastical authorities have always been cautious about receiving alleged new facts of science, especially if they have seemed to conflict with revelation, but this is only to show reasonable prudence and not in any way to "oppose discovery." It would have been very ill both for science and religion if the Church had not exercised that prudence. We might commend to Sir Oliver's attention, as very germane to the subject, the work of a man of science no less eminent than himself and equally well-known in Birmingham, Sir Bertram Windle, in whose *The Church and Science*<sup>1</sup> he will find the Galileo episode adequately explained and much positive evidence besides as to the services rendered to the sciences by the Church as a whole. And if he really wants to reach truth in the matter and not simply repeat the *clichés* of secularists, let him pursue it in that valuable series of studies written by Professor J. J. Walsh, of New York, *Catholic Churchmen in Science* (3 vols.), *How old the "new" Education*, *The Popes and Science*, and *The Thirteenth, Greatest of Centuries*. Really, it is time that the charge of obscurantism against the source of civilization and the mother of learning should be abandoned by educated people.

<sup>1</sup> C.T.S., 7s. 6d. net.



**Justification  
by  
the Priest.**

The apologist for Luther, to whose equivocal methods we called attention in our December issue has kept up in *The Times Literary Supplement* an unequal duel with an able, well-instructed, logical "Catholic Layman." Driven from one position after another, he tried to make his final stand on his original assertion that at the Reformation Luther revived the doctrine of justification "by direct personal appeal to Christ," whereas the corrupt Roman Church taught "justification by the priest." The writer is evidently one of those Protestants who disbelieve in a sacramental priesthood and the sacramental system generally: that, however, does not justify him in misrepresenting Catholic doctrine. Taxed with this, he cited Bellarmine as teaching that the intervention of the priest was essential if the Sacraments were to be validly administered. Bellarmine, needless to say, does not teach that: it is the amateur theologian's hasty inference. Baptism and Matrimony at any rate are Sacraments conferable by lay-folk. But the writer went on to narrow his contention to the Sacrament of Penance, which is the main means of justification after Baptism, and was very sure that he has Bellarmine's support in declaring that the Catholic Church taught and teaches that no sin is forgiven unless by the priest's absolution. He is quite ignorant of the truth taught to every Catholic child that every sin is immediately forgiven when the sinner conceives true contrition for it, *i.e.*, sorrow for his fault arising from love of God. This sorrow implies, no doubt, subsequent confession, because the sinner knows that is God's appointed way of reconciling the sinner: the point is that *before* the judicial sentence forgiveness is conferred, and nothing that the priest can do can alter that fact. He cannot forgive, if there is no true sorrow: his refusal to forgive, if all other requisites are present, does not invalidate the forgiveness already conferred by God. The "Catholic Layman," who is to be congratulated for his masterly defence of the Faith, proved this point from Bellarmine himself and drove his opponent from his last refuge, showing that direct recourse to God in the shape of genuine sorrow is quite as necessary in the Catholic system as in any other, and that Luther made no discovery of a great truth overcast by ecclesiastical corruption, but rather preached a damnable heresy when he proclaimed justification by faith alone, *i.e.*, without change of will or repentance. In his last letter (Jan. 17) the *Times* reviewer tacitly admits his ignorance and with singular feebleness says that what he meant was that the Lutheran "Justification" knows nothing of priest and sacrament! It is to be hoped that the whole correspondence will be republished and edited to illustrate the methods of Protestant controversialists even of the more educated type.

THE EDITOR.

### III. NOTES ON THE PRESS

[A summary survey of current periodicals with a view to recording useful articles which 1) expound Catholic doctrine and practice, 2) expose heresy and bigotry, and 3) are of general Catholic interest.]

#### CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

**Parousia**, St. Matthew and the [E. T. Shanahan, S.T.D., in *Catholic World*, Jan., 1918, p. 433].

**Salvation** outside the Church, No [J. H. Fisher in *America*, Dec. 8, 1917, p. 203]. The Extension of Salvation [Jos. Rickaby, S.J., in *Irish Theological Quarterly*, Jan., 1918, p. 54].

**Unity** of the Church [Rev. A. Palmieri in *Catholic World*, Jan., 1918, p. 313].

#### CATHOLIC DEFENCE.

**Action** and Catholicism [Canon Barry in *Dublin Review*, Jan., 1918, p. 1].

**Anglican** Suggestion, An, for Christian Unity [Rev. G. Peirse in *Irish Theological Quarterly*, Jan., 1918, p. 1].

**Anglicanism**, Divisions of [R. Knox in *Dublin Review*, Jan., 1918, p. 25].

**End** justifies the means: the old anti-Jesuit calumny [J. Wiltbye in *America*, Dec. 8, 1917, p. 205].

**Papacy**, Mr. N. P. Williams' attacks on, refuted [*Tablet*, Dec. 29, 1917, Jan. 5, 1918].

**Papal States** in 1856, French Ambassador's account of [*Examiner*, Nov. 24, Dec. 1, 1917].

**Persecution**, Medieval [E. R. Hull, S.J. in *Examiner*, Nov. 24, Dec. 1, 1917].

**Protestantism**, Original of Liberal [Rev. J. C. Harrington in *Irish Ecclesiastical Review*, Dec., 1917, p. 646].

**Strossmayer's**, Bishop, Speech at the Vatican Council, once more repudiated [*C. B. N.*, Jan., 1918, p. 23].

#### POINTS OF CATHOLIC INTEREST.

**Alcohol**, Medical Repudiation of [J. J. Walsh in *Catholic World*, Jan., 1918, p. 371].

**Birth-Decline** in France: Nature, Cause, and Cure [G. Callon in *Revue Pratique d'Apologétique*, Dec. 15, 1917, p. 341].

**Freemasonry** in England, Second Centenary of, 1717—1917 [P. Dudon in *Etudes*, Dec. 20, 1917, p. 681].

**Italy**, Catholic Journalism in [Rev. J. P. Conroy in *Ecclesiastical Review*, Dec. 1917, p. 668].

**"Lay Morality"**—made in Germany [J. Maxe in *Revue Pratique d'Apologétique*, Nov., 1917, p. 155, Jan., 1918, p. 426].

**Luke**, St.: Character and Career [J. Huby in *Etudes*, Jan. 5, 1918, p. 5].

**Luther**: the Fourth Centenary of the Reformation [P. Bernard in *Etudes*, Dec. 20, 1917].

**Mothers' Pensions** [Judge H. Niel in *Catholic Suffragist*, Jan. 15, 1917].

**Peace**: The Society of Nations [Y. de la Brière in *Etudes*, Jan. 5, 1918, p. 108; *Universe* leader, Jan. 18, 1918].

**Pope**, The, and the War [Archbishop M'Intyre, reported in the *Universe*, Jan. 18, 1918, p. 8].

**Russia** and Catholicism [Rev. A. Fortescue in *Dublin Review*, Jan., 1918, p. 41].

**Superstitions** at the Front [L. Roure in *Etudes*, Dec. 20, 1917, p. 708].

# REVIEWS

## I—REALITY AND TRUTH<sup>1</sup>

**I**T is a complaint frequently made against Catholic philosophy that our writers are slaves to tradition: that the text-books issued for the benefit of students in seminaries—and their name is legion—are but so many repetitions the one of the other, destitute one and all of independence and originality. Such a charge certainly cannot be brought against Dr. Vance. In the book before us he frankly rejects the traditional epistemology, and offers us an entirely new treatment of this vital subject. The dogmatism of the Scholastics, he holds, is every whit as untenable as the scepticism of Hume. So, greatly daring, he propounds a system of his own. His solution of the problems involved “depends upon no name, no tradition, no authority, no assumption, no postulate. It stands or falls by its own intrinsic arguments” (p. viii.). A book of such a kind deserves a welcome, whether we agree with its conclusions or not. Merely to have undertaken such a task argues no little courage. Moreover, the work has the signal merit of lucidity. Each successive paragraph conveys the author’s meaning with all the clearness that could be desired.

Nevertheless, while we congratulate the author, we must frankly own that the book leaves us unconvinced. The epistemology of the ordinary scholastic text-book is, it must be admitted, terribly jejune—so much so, that a revolt such as this was to be expected. Nevertheless, the text-book does not exhaust the matter. And we believe that the scholastic system, if properly understood, is based on solid foundations, and that its main positions are absolutely secure. On the other hand, the substitute which Dr. Vance offers, is marred by internal contradictions and leads by a necessary logical development to Idealism.

The basis of the whole theory lies in the unproved assumption that our direct knowledge is, of necessity, confined

<sup>1</sup> By John G. Vance, M.A. (Cantab.), Ph.D. (Lov.), Professor of Philosophy at Old Hall. London: Longmans. Pp. xii. 344. Price, 7s. 6d. 1917.

entirely to states of our own consciousness. This Dr. Vance regards as so indubitable as to be beyond the need of any proof. As regards this, the perceptions of sense, he holds, have no advantage over the concepts of the intellect: both alike are states of consciousness and nothing more. If, as we believe to be the case, we possess knowledge of things outside consciousness, such knowledge can only be indirect—derived by way of inference from the states in question. This view, of course, is not new. The same assumption was made by Descartes, and from him passed to Locke and to Hume. It is in fact the root from which sprang the Idealist philosophy of the last century. Dr. Vance gives it the most unqualified assent. Thus, when discussing what is meant by the "shape" of a thing, he says: "The shape of things is an impression left in consciousness" (p. 186), "There is some quality inhering in things, which is translated for me under the impression of shape, whether it be yielded by sight or touch" (p. 184). For those thinkers who, like the Scholastics, contend that our senses give us a direct, not an indirect, knowledge of the external world, he has very little respect. They are dismissed as "naïf realists." Now it is, of course, true that they are realists. But the contemptuous epithet is certainly quite undeserved. The reasoning by which the possibility of direct knowledge of the outside world is vindicated, is anything but naïve. The application of the theory of *actio* and *passio* to perception is one of the most brilliant portions of the Aristotelian theory of knowledge. Dr. Vance, however, nowhere refers to it. Yet among recent scholastic writers the Abbé Fares has devoted a volume to it in his *Études Philosophiques*. And in view of the importance of that writer's works, it is remarkable that a professor in a Catholic seminary should have overlooked it.

Another point which is fundamental with Dr. Vance, is his demand that all first principles should be established by proof. As first accepted by the mind, they are, he urges, merely spontaneous convictions regarding our states of consciousness; and if they are to be accepted as valid, they must be vindicated by argument. It is idle to reply that the mind can recognize their validity—that it can judge definitively as to the agreement of their subjects and predicates. We cannot, he maintains, thus invoke intuition. "How shall we guarantee the accuracy of the intuition? . . . the fullness or

clearness of our vision of a truth is no test of its validity," (p. 296). Since, however, first principles, *e.g.*, the principle of Contradiction, cannot be proved by anything more fundamental than themselves, we must have recourse to another method. We must attempt to doubt them, and show that the mind is incapable of doing so. In this way it will appear that they are indubitable and undeniable. This he proceeds to do. Moreover, having thus dealt with the principle of Contradiction, he contends that the principle of Causality, though not, strictly speaking, identical with it, stands or falls with it: so that if the former be admitted, the validity of the latter becomes certain. The argument by which this is established, he believes to be absolutely irrefragable. This point assured, we are on *terra firma*, secure from all risks of Idealism: for by the principle of Causality we may argue from our conscious states to the existence of an external world. What the properties of that world are in themselves, we shall never know. But there is something external to us possessed of properties, which in our consciousness are represented as shape, colour, &c. &c. This is all we need. If this be granted science is secure.

In offering a few brief criticisms on these two pillars of the system it will be convenient to give precedence to the question of first principles. And here it may be noted that if Dr. Vance's standpoint be consistently maintained, it would be impossible ever to establish their truth. As we have seen, he denies our right to trust the mind's intuition, even as regards the principle of Contradiction. We may not, that is, trust our intellect, even when it pronounces the ideas of Being and Not-being to be necessarily incompatible, and hereby affirms this fundamental principle. But if the mind cannot be trusted when it compares these two most elementary notions, of what avail is proof of any kind! There can be no proof which is not formed of propositions: and propositions are meaningless, unless we can trust our minds as to the agreement or disagreement of the terms which compose them. Indeed, even were we to admit for the sake of argument that the very faculty, which we have declared to be untrustworthy, can nevertheless be relied on to prove our inability to deny the principle of Contradiction, the proof would tell us absolutely nothing as to the *truth* of the principle. It would merely show us that the human intellect is

by its constitution unable to work except in this way. But whether this way is the true way, or merely a method peculiar to the human mind as such, we should not know. Surely it is manifest that the Scholastics were right when they taught that the mind can see beyond all possibility of doubt that the notions of Being and Not-being are incompatible, and that the method of doubt can lead us nowhere.

No less open to exception, as it seems to us, is Dr. Vance's treatment of the principle of Causality. As we saw, he propounds the novel notion that the principle of Causality is in some way reducible to the principle of Contradiction. Moreover, he admits frankly that his whole defence against Idealism is dependent upon the value of the proofs given for this point. Let us see how he establishes his conclusion.

"Suppose" he says "that this particular change contradicts the formal principle of Causality, and now let us see what happens. The same thing or state or whatever is changing can—by the fact that it gains or loses some quality—both be and not be something: for before the change the quality was absent and now it is present. It has made itself what it was not, or has, equally of itself, ceased to be what it was. In other words, it can both be and not be." (p. 106.)

Most readers will, we think, be a good deal puzzled by this piece of reasoning. To say that a thing cannot *be* what it is not, is assuredly not the same thing as to say that it cannot *become* what it is not. Even omnipotence itself cannot bring it about that a thing should both be and not be. But who maintains that, given a suitable cause, a thing cannot become what it is not! It is precisely for this reason that the principle of Contradiction, when fully expressed, is thus stated: "A thing cannot both be and not be *at the same time* and in the same respect." The fact that in our material universe changes take place in time renders the time-qualification essential to the validity of the principle. Dr. Vance declares (p. 110) that the mention of time has no place in it. If so, he ought in all consistency to own that it is as impossible for an efficient cause to make a thing become what it is not, as it is for it to make it be what it is not.

Even more remarkable is the final and clenching proof of the dependence of the one principle upon the other given on p. 112.

"To take a particular instance, the Principle of Contradiction



shows that a given reality—viewed in the same formal manner—must either be in state of potentiality or not: in other words, that the state of potentiality excludes the state of actuality. Obviously then it is unthinkable that one state which excludes another should, of itself, become that other—*Nihil dat quod non habet*—without the play and co-operation of something other than itself. That is all that we affirm, now more resolutely than ever, in the principle of Causality."

The argument of this paragraph, when analyzed, is seen to be as follows:—

It is impossible for that which is devoid of actuality to confer actuality: for *Nemo dat quod non habet*.

But that which is in potentiality is necessarily devoid of actuality.

∴ It is impossible for that which is in potentiality to confer actuality.

Hence it follows that every transition to actuality is due to an extrinsic agent.

In view of Dr. Vance's express statement (p. 99) that at this stage he is abstaining from the use of any deductive process, it is, to say the least, disconcerting to find that his proof is neither more nor less than a modal syllogism *de impossibili*. But letting that pass, the point to which we desire to call attention is this: that both the major premiss and the ultimate conclusion depend for their value not on the principle of Contradiction but on the principle of Sufficient Reason. Dr. Vance appears to have overlooked this fact altogether: though it renders his whole argument a mere fallacy.

It remains to say a few words regarding the contention that our knowledge of the external world is indirect. As the space allotted to us is limited, it will be sufficient to urge a single argument against this unproved assumption. Our knowledge according to this view is limited to the reactions which some unknown external stimuli occasion in our consciousness. As to the nature of those stimuli we cannot hope to have even the vaguest notion. We cannot even know whether the external world is extended or not. All that we can say is that there is an unknown *x* which causes in our consciousness the impression of extension. For anything we can tell, the sun and stars may pursue their courses nowhere save in our brains—or rather save in those aspects of our consciousness which we represent as being brains. The laws of astronomy may be nothing but laws of our consciousness. We can

scarcely suppose that Dr. Vance is willing to admit this. Indeed it is plain that he does not. For he speaks of the states of consciousness P, Q, R, S as corresponding to the external facts P', Q', R', S', as though there were a veritable similarity between the two orders (p. 179). It is needless to point out that this method of representation is entirely deceptive. We have no reason whatever to imagine that there would be the smallest similarity between the stimulus and the reaction in consciousness consequent upon it.

It is with real regret that we have found ourselves compelled to differ so fundamentally from a work evidently inspired by a genuine desire to get at the truth. But we are convinced that its philosophical position is radically unsound, and that the representational Idealism here defended must inevitably lead to that absolute Idealism which the author would be the first to repudiate. Moreover we must express our conviction that he has rejected the Scholastic system—that system to which the Church has given such weighty marks of approbation—on insufficient grounds. Again and again we have been forced to the conclusion that his acquaintance with it is inadequate. He believes that he has passed beyond it. In our opinion he has failed to realize that it is something far greater than can be gathered from those modern manuals, which we can hardly doubt are responsible for his hostile judgment.

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## 2—DIVINE FAITH <sup>1</sup>

LIKE the *Church of Christ*, which Father Peter Finlay brought out last year, his new book on *Divine Faith* gives the text of a course of lectures he delivered in the Dublin College of the National University of Ireland. That means to say that they were addressed to a specially educated audience and are intended in their published form for persons of education who take interest in theological questions. The subject of *Divine Faith* raises some perplexing points which are wont to be gravely misunderstood by thinkers outside the Church, but the Catholic theologians have explored all these points of difficulty searchingly, and, as Father Peter Finlay is an ad-

<sup>1</sup> *Divine Faith*. By Fr. Peter Finlay, S.J. Longmans. Pp. xii. 243. Price 4s. 6d. net. 1917.

mirable exponent of the Church's doctrine on the Nature of Faith and of the theological theories appertaining to it, his new book is likely to be received with the same warm welcome as the last.

The term "Faith" is one which philosophers and divines of all classes are wont to use, but the senses they attach to it are very diverse. To leave alone the employment of the term by the philosophers, the divines are agreed among themselves so far as this that it is the act or state of mind or will or feeling by which we embrace and adhere to the Christian religion. But is it an act of the intellect or the will or of the feelings or does it include all of these? Here we must distinguish. That all these faculties of the soul co-operate in the exercise of a man's faith, is clear and freely acknowledged; but the question is whether all of them, or if not all of them, which of them elicits the act itself.

Father Finlay shows it is the intellect alone that does that, for to believe is to give intellectual assent to a truth on the authority of testimony rendered by a witness, and faith is called divine faith when the testimony on which we rely is the testimony of God. It is as such that faith is described in the New Testament, if one reads it carefully so as to distinguish between cases where the word "faith" is used strictly from cases where it is used metonymically for some one or other of the immediate effects of believing such as hope and trust. In other chapters Father Finlay explains how the will comes in, and how believing, or refusing to believe (where God Himself is the witness), becomes an act of obedience or disobedience to Him. And here the important distinction between evidence and certitude arises and explains the psychological perplexities which have led others into Modernism and the various forms of Voluntarism. By evidence is meant that constraining quality of certain kinds of direct proof which not only justifies but compels intellectual assent, as is the case with mathematical reasonings and the conclusions they lead to. But experience shows that there are other modes of proof which suffice to justify assent, even the assent of certitude, but do not compel it. For instance, to take Father Finlay's illustration, we grow up in the persuasion that those we address as father and mother are so in very deed. In some cases we may have reason to doubt if they are, but in many cases, in fact ordinarily, we have no doubt whatever about it. Yet it is

solely on the testimony of others we rely, and we are not, as we feel, compelled to believe it, though we should be most imprudent and irrational if we did not. It is thus with the act of divine faith by which we believe the truths of revelation attested by our Lord in the first place, and attested in the second and subordinate place by the Catholic Church which is able to certify us that these truths really rest on the testimony of our Divine Lord. It is thus that, though we have the certainty of faith for our Christian beliefs, we are free and responsible for our faith in them, and the religious aspect of divine faith becomes practical.

This is the most fundamental point which an exposition of Divine Faith has to establish, but there are many others consequent upon it; as that our obligation to believe regards the deposit of faith committed by our Lord through His Apostles to the Church, and that our attitude towards private revelations, such as those made to St. Gertrude, St. Francis of Assisi, Blessed Margaret Mary, and others, rests on somewhat different grounds, as explained by the author in a separate chapter; that, contrary to a commonly accepted notion outside the Church, the obligation to believe in the dogmas of the Christian revelation binds under grave sin; that this guilt, on the other hand, attaches only to those who sin against the light, and hence that a difficult problem arises as to those "honest unbelievers" who have never been in the circumstances necessary for the preaching of the Faith to reach them; that faith, though thus dependent on Church authority which necessarily exacts it, so far from putting shackles on the due exercise of reason, even encourages it and aids it; and finally that, inasmuch as the truths of the Christian revelation, though delivered in the apostolic period and that only, necessarily become more and more intimately known in proportion as they are more and more deeply studied in themselves and in their mutual relations, a problem of development arises which requires the careful investigation of its laws, and of the system under which these are applied by the Holy See in its solemn definitions such as that of the Immaculate Conception. On all these points, the interest of which will at once suggest itself to educated Catholics and other laymen, not to speak of priests, the reader will find Father Finlay a clear, practical, and trustworthy exponent.

## SHORT NOTICES

### BIBLICAL.

**I**N *The Book of Jubilees* (S.P.C.K. : 7s. net) we have another volume of that excellent series, *Translations of early Documents*. The translation is from the Ethiopic, by Dr. Charles; the introduction is by one of the editors of the series, Mr. Box, and we gather that he has also contributed the notes. The work purports to be a revelation given by God to Moses through an angel 'the Angel of the Presence,' and contains a history of pre-Mosaic times, divided into jubilee-periods of forty-nine years. It is considered to date from the latter years of the second century B.C., perhaps from the reign of the Maccabean prince, John Hyrcanus. This would account at once for the absence of any very definite Messianic outlook, and for the ample blessing of Levi by Isaac in chap. xxxi, including temporal rule. Mr. Box maintains strongly, and, as it would seem, successfully, that the writer is not a Pharisee, as Dr. Charles has elsewhere maintained; he paraphrases and amplifies his text in a more or less midrastic way, but he also presses forward views of his own, and they are not Pharisaic. 'A pious Sadducean priest' Mr. Box calls him; but because he is not a Pharisee it does not follow that he should be labelled 'Sadducee.'

In his very title, *The Alexandrine Gospel* (Longmans : 1s. 6d. net) Dr. Nairne is propounding a thesis, for his sub-title gives us the names of four works to which we should not of ourselves have turned for such a gospel, viz., 'Sirach, Wisdom, Philo, The Epistle to the Hebrews.' This little book represents three lectures given for the Liverpool (Anglican) Diocesan Board of Divinity, and the syllabus of the lectures printed at the beginning helps us to follow the author's thought. But evidently Philo's affinities are with the Pagan and Christian neo-Platonists rather than with the Wisdom of Solomon and Sirach; and we find it hard to think of these latter as 'a critical theology.' Hebrews again have more in common with St. Matthew's and St. Paul's rabbinical treatment of the Old Testament than with Philo's. But to discuss this question would need many words; suffice it that we are dubious with regard to the author's main theme, but find much to commend in his treatment of minor points.

### DEVOTIONAL.

Dom Savinien Louismet of Buckfast has continued in *The Mystical Life* (Burns and Oates : 3s. 6d. net) the study of mysticism of which his previous book—*The Mystical Knowledge of God*—formed the introduction. In this second volume he emphasizes still more strongly the right, nay, the duty of all Christians to become mystics, admitting to this category all who live up to their Christian profession as sketched in the Gospel. To such he alleges God will become known in a sensible fashion, not permanently, but from time to time. The more extraordinary favours which we read of in the lives of the Saints are not essential parts of this mystic, or hidden, union with God, which is, in a word, the life of perfect faith. This life can be properly established only by the suppression of worldliness and the life of the senses; hence mysticism necessarily rests on a basis of asceticism. How it is developed by the co-operation of the soul with the divine action is skilfully elaborated in this little treatise, which like its predecessor is beautifully produced, with clear type and large margins.

With the idea of comforting stricken hearts the Rev. A. Roche has, in *Woman, why weepest thou?* (Sands: 2s.), brought together a series of reflections on the essential greatness and holiness of the Allied cause, which tends to ennoble and even to sanctify those who are so gallantly dying for it. His theme is illustrated by a great variety of apposite quotations from sacred and profane prophets.

The same intention may have caused the republication of a mediaeval religious work *De Arte Moriendi* which with a few other devotional treatises or fragments of the like sort has been done into modern spelling and edited with the title *The Book of the Craft of Dying* (Longmans: 6s. net) by Frances M. M. Comper. The Rev. George Congreve, S.S.J.E., contributes a helpful preface contrasting the Pagan and Christian views of death and illustrating the latter by apt precepts and examples. How, outside the Church, the Pagan view is apt to prevail is shown by a *Times* review<sup>1</sup> of the treatise which deprecates what it esteems the excessive attention to spiritual things at the last hour counselled by the author, "Faith, if a virtue at all," is not likely to be endangered by the devil's temptations, "if we believe in the devil," and so-forth. We should die, in other words, as we have lived—"gentlemen unafraid." There is no trace of this pagan shallowness, needless to say, in the Rev. G. Congreve's Preface nor in the editor's notes, which show amazing diligence, as well as full appreciation of these Christian reliques.

#### ANGLICAN WORKS.

From Sacred Scripture, the Fathers, the poets and modern devotional writers, the Rev. P. H. Ditchfield, M.A., has compiled *A Little Book of Comfort* (Scott: 2s. net)—a catena of passages calculated to suggest helpful thoughts to those many who are sorrow-stricken by the war. Whilst we could imagine it more completely realized, the idea is sufficiently well carried out to effect its main purpose.

The blank ignorance of Catholic tradition characteristic of the insular Anglican is painfully evident in the pages of an earnest little book—*The Incarnation: its message for daily life* (Scott: 1s. net) by Jessie D. Montgomery, who can write such absurdities as—"Justification by faith" was as old as St. Paul; but was it not rediscovered at the Reformation?" "The historical continuity of the Church" was familiar to the author of the *Hebrews*: but was it not brought home to men by the Oxford movement?" The authoress has so little grasp of the implications of Our Lord's divinity as to imagine Him not having the use of reason in His infancy, yet she shows, in a somewhat sketchy fashion it is true, the immense help in human trials which devotion to the Incarnation confers on the true Christian.

There is little definite to take hold of in *The Outer Courts: A Waking Dream* (Longmans: 2s. net) by M. Agnes Fox, which seems to be the description of a sort of painless Purgatory. Apparently many of the conditions of this present life are reproduced in *The Outer Courts*, after the fashion "revealed" and made ridiculous by *Raymond*.

A book on *The Lord's Supper* (Scott: 2s. 6d.) introduced and recommended by the Anglican Bishop of Durham needs no other guarantee of unorthodoxy. For A. T. Schofield, M.D., the author, Catholic theology does not exist and Catholic tradition is confined to the Bible. He sets out to

<sup>1</sup> *Times Literary Supplement*, Jan. 10.



show that the Lord's Supper is a mere commemoration, and of course finds in the Sacred Records what he seeks. "Who said: 'How can I understand except some one shall show me?'" There was no one, unhappily, to show Dr. Schofield. Yet a deep strain of earnest piety runs through the little volume.

The Rev. W. Temple has published an illuminating little essay on **The Coming of the Kingdom** (Longmans: 6d.) tracing the main outlines of the Gospel message, the supremacy of Divine law, the revelation of Divine love, the free acceptance of that teaching and that spirit. A Catholic writer would have gone on to point out the external realization of the kingdom in the one divinely-guided and indestructible Church of Christ.

As a specimen of the constructive theology of High Anglicanism, **Values of the Christian Life** (S.P.C.K.: 7s. 6d. net) by the Rev. A. D. Kelly, M.A., has a great deal of interest for Catholics. Though much of it may seem to be commonplace to those instructed in the faith it will not necessarily be commonplace to those for whom it is intended. That such facts as that God is the final object of man's devotion, that our Lord reveals God's nature, not merely His will, to us, that belief in authority is not unreasonable, should be herein set forth almost as if they were discoveries shows to what pass religion has come outside the Church. The author claims to be a traditionalist and to maintain the orthodox teaching of Christianity and so to the best of his ability he does. But he is hampered by ignorance of the traditional method and language and, judging from the entire absence of quotation from Catholic sources, of the written tradition itself. The one test of Catholicity is the acceptance of a present living authority. The Rev. William Temple, who is sponsor to the book, rejects this definitely, and the author, though with less definiteness, seems to do the same. He rejects indeed the Modernist view that faith rests on reason and experience, but he nowhere faces the fact that in the traditionalist view it is the living and teaching Church that guarantees and expounds the dead records. If he did this, he would be a Catholic.

#### APOLOGETIC.

After discussing learnedly in several volumes the psychology of conversion, Père Mainage, the well-known French Dominican, is now occupied in pointing his moral by giving concrete instances. First of all, he illustrated, so to speak, the negative side by tracing the careers of notorious apostates, and their unwilling witness to the truth, and now in a complementary volume **Les Témoins du Renouveau Catholique** (Beauchesne: 3.80 fr.)—he exhibits the Catholic revival in the life-stories of several recent converts, the best-known to English readers from amongst half a score being Francis Jammes, Paul Claudel, and André de Baviera. A preliminary chapter dissects and discourses with great lucidity the different mentalities represented by these latest returns to the Fold.

At greater length Père A. Bessières, S.J., tells the story of another prodigal, in **De l'Art à la Foi: Jean Thorel: 1859—1916** (Beauchesne: 1.70 fr.) which is a striking commentary on the same theme. "Jean Thorel" was the pseudonym of Raymond Bouthors, a poet and dramatist of considerable eminence who, after thirty years wandering, returned to his father's house in 1911. He had had a stroke of paralysis which kept him on a couch of suffering till his death, but those six years were the happiest of his life. Père Bessières makes two divisions of his work, the first critical, devoted to the

artist; the second descriptive, to the convert. All these accounts of straying genius show what a large part ignorance, prejudice and passion play in weakening the hold of faith, and consequently how enormously important is the preventive work of religious education.

What we desiderated above in Mr. Temple's essay on the Kingdom of God, we find supplied in abundance by Auguste Nicolas' famous chapter on that Kingdom in his *Etudes Philosophiques sur le Christianisme*. That chapter has been translated by A. C. Boursot and entitled *The Church* (Washbourne: 1s. net). It is an extremely valuable piece of apologetic but its value would have been enhanced if the translator had added a marginal synopsis of the argument and broken up the long dissertation into its logical parts.

Fr. Martin Scott, S.J., has provided a useful book in *God and Myself* (Kennedy: \$1.00) for the sincere inquirer into the claims of religion. It is short and pithy, and as conclusive as its limits allow. The style is popular, which may excuse an occasional looseness of expression. The earlier portion concerning God's existence and the soul's immortality would require much more development to meet the needs of the educated rationalist. The skeleton is there but little more, and the rationalist generally comes with a stock of false ideas which have first to be eradicated. The latter part, dealing with Christ and the Church, and the Faith generally, is set forth more convincingly. But even if a book provokes dissent and inquiry, it is doing good work, and Father Scott's little treatise goes far beyond that.

#### HAGIOGRAPHY.

The two latest volumes of the *Standard-Bearers of the Faith* series are concerned with personalities and times so distinct as those of **St. Hugh of Lincoln** and **St. Teresa**. (Washbourne: 1s. 3d. net each) both by M. E. Forbes. The plan of the series is to give a clear and consecutive account of the Saints' careers without discussion of authorities or elaborate historical setting. The result, as in the cases before us, is a concise and vivid picture of their characters moulded by circumstances and adorned by grace. There is this similarity between these two Saints—that both belonged to severe contemplative orders. Yet both were called upon to do much external work for God's glory. Their careers, so singular and eventful, lose nothing in the telling of the skilled authoress.

The devout reader has long been familiar with the letters of St. Francis de Sales, those wonderfully attractive revelations of a great and pure and wise soul. Now the Sisters of the Visitation have laid us all under an obligation by translating and publishing in a comely volume some hundred *Selected letters of St. Jane Frances de Chantal* (Washbourne: 5s. net) his spiritual daughter *par excellence*. As H. E. Cardinal Bourne points out in his short preface, these letters reveal not only the heavenly but also the human side of the Saint's character, an aspect so apt to be overlooked by zealous biographers. They are full of charm and interest of every sort, and all classes of Christians can learn from them something of the secret of sanctity.

Most interesting testimony regarding the state of religious thought in England during the reign of Charles II. is afforded by *From Hearth to Cloister: The Life of Lady Warner* (Sands and Co.) a little biography which Miss Frances Jackson has founded on the original life by Father Scarisbrick, S.J., written in 1690. Both Trevor Warner *née* Hanmer, and her

husband were converted after marriage and both entered religion by mutual consent. Their history illustrates the comparative religious freedom that accompanied the reaction after the Commonwealth and the considerable amount of Catholic doctrine which still lingered amongst both clergy and laity. It shows, moreover, that Society was not then so universally corrupt as is generally supposed.

## FICTION.

**The Other Mrs. Scarlett** (Kegan Paul : 6s. net) is a cleverly-designed, pleasantly-told mystery story by Miss A. H. Bennett. It ranges widely, both in space and time, linking the present war with the days of Elizabeth, and India with Europe, and the characterization is bright and humorous. Too much reliance upon coincidence and too frequent a repetition of the same set of facts detract somewhat from the art of the tale.

When you get past the printer's errors, which the "reader" (even in wartime) should have rectified, and the first score of pages, which are conventional, you will find Mrs. C. Bishop's **Vision Splendid** (Heath Cranton, 5s.) a very unusual—I would risk saying—and important book. There is in it much human interest and romance, and Mrs. Bishop is experienced in the world. Anglo-Indian life is described from knowledge; and this section of it, with no undue pessimism: the hard-natured English woman—doctor at the Ranee's palace—is something of a creation. From the authoress of *The Seventh Wave* you expected more than a touch of mysticism: here it reveals itself in the bold treatment of the horrible elements of Hindu religion, still wrecking lives in India; and the study of a half-native ascetic who ends as a Catholic priest. By her treatment of Indian religion and of the Catholic ideal of marriage, Mrs. Bishop has done a service to those of our country-folk who romantically misconceive the former and are tampering with the latter.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

An Anglican Chaplain in France, the Rev. F. W. Worsley, having pondered much about Mr. Wells' war-novel, has felt inspired to write a series of **Letters to Mr. Britling** (Robert Scott : 2s. net) in which he essays to reply to the difficulties and doubts of that painfully confused thinker. We fear it is a case of the blind leading the blind. There is too much of the typical Anglican tentativeness about the Chaplain. He feels, hopes, opines, he is rarely sure, except that evolution is a fact and that the Christian faith must be restated accordingly. And for the better accommodation of Mr. Britling and his "scientific" pretensions, he throws overboard such beliefs as the Virgin Birth, and the Resurrection. The utter futility of Modernist apologetic could not be better illustrated than by the "argument" of this breezy (or should it not rather be, windy?) little book.

The same windiness, the same readiness to discard tradition and dogma, the same ignorance of the spirit and meaning of the Catholic faith, appears in a book by another Anglican Chaplain, **Visions and Vignettes of War** (Longmans : 2s. 6d. net) by the Rev. Maurice Ponsonby. This clergyman speaks much of the "Catholic" faith but there is no evidence in his pages that he really believes even in the central dogmas of Christianity. With trumpets, however zealously blown, giving such uncertain sounds as these, what wonder that Anglicanism is found wanting at the Front?

M. M. Bloud and Gay, the well-known Paris publishers, have opened an establishment at Barcelona where appear certain of their French issues in

a Spanish dress. Two of these sent to us, *Memorias de una Enfermera*, by M. Eydoux-Démain, translated by H. P. de la Ossa, and *Mi Prieza : recuerdos de un artillero*, by Paul Lintier, sufficiently describe themselves by their titles.

Written in a style which combines literary grace with unfailing humour, the study of modern Lancashire which Mr. W. Haslam Mills has hung on the peg of a biography of *Sir Charles W. Macara, Bart.* (Sherratt and Hughes) is well worth reading even by those who have no great interest in industrial subjects. But to the social student it is much more important, for it presents industrial problems from the point of view of one of the great employers, who at the same time recognized the human rights of his workmen. It was Sir Charles' spirit of compromise which engineered the "Brooklands Agreement" in 1893, the first of many treaties between Capital and Labour. His genius may yet be evoked to devise a scheme for combining the interests of both.

A number of Anglican writers have combined under the editorship of the Rev. Cyril Bardsley to issue a volume on *Women and Church Work* (Longmans : 2s. 6d. net). The "Church" contemplated is exclusively the National one, although some of the historical treatment assumes the identity between the Establishment and the Church Catholic. This leads to curious inconsistencies as, for instance, in the chapter "Woman in History," where it is implied that religious Orders had ceased to exist after the thirteenth century, and the widely-extended sisterhoods of Catholicism are ignored. The book, nevertheless, is full of good suggestions for the more active employment of women in the work of applying Christianity, and we nowhere find advanced the ultra-feminist claim for the admission of women to the priesthood.

The nineteenth century, especially in its earlier years, was prolific in new religious congregations of women. One of the latest to come into being was that of the Little Sisters of the Assumption, which first took definite shape in 1865. *The Life of Mère Marie de Jésus* (Longmans : 3s. net), their foundress, which has just been published, gives an interesting account of the rise and growth of this apostolic congregation, which is devoted to the nursing of the sick poor in their own homes, and which in a little more than fifty years has spread from Europe to both North and South America. It is a most edifying record of a saintly soul and a great work.

We are glad to see that a new impression of *Yonder ?* by Rev. T. Gavan Duffy—a volume of missionary experiences, published last year in America, has been issued here by Messrs. Longmans at 2s. 6d. net. We welcomed the book last August year as something unique of its kind, a combination of literature, humanity and spirituality, well calculated to inspire the locomotory to go, and the stationary to give—to the aid of the Foreign Missions. May the booklet long continue a fruitful apostolate.

The great Christmas Pastoral of Cardinal Mercier, which more than any other single influence aroused the moral consciousness of the world to protest against the German invasion of Belgium, is only the first of a dozen great war-utterances of the intrepid Cardinal Archbishop of Malines, a translation of which Messrs. Burns and Oates have published under the fitting title of *The Voice of Belgium* (2s. 6d. net). That voice will continue to resound, proclaiming the indestructibility of the moral law long after the reign of force is destroyed, and those who have taken the sword have

perished by it. *Quod faxit Deus*. In this volume many great moral lessons are taught, but particularly the bearing of Christianity on Patriotism.

The eminent Franciscan scientist Fra Agustino Gemelli, O.F.M., of Turin University, has taken occasion of his war-experiences to write a treatise—**Il Nostro Soldato** (Casa editrice "Vita e pensiero": Milan)—on "military psychology." A copious bibliography shows that the mental and moral phenomena of war have occupied the attention of medical men, psychologists, and alienists, in all the belligerent nations, most of all in Germany. English discussions have mostly been confined to periodicals. Padre Gemelli's disquisition is very thorough and scientific, dealing with both trench and open warfare, courage, fear, superstitions, folk-lore, slang songs, illusions of the senses, etc., and even the mentality of officers, and the relative values of infantry and artillery. It is a book to interest both psychologists and soldiers.

To commemorate the first centenary of the birth of John Mason Neale (1818) a new edition of his celebrated **Hymns of the Eastern Church** (S.P.C.K.: 2s. 6d. net) has been issued in a very tasteful fashion, with the valuable introduction and notes of this most tuneful of translators.

Reprinted from the *Etudes*, M. Joseph de Tonquédec's essay in criticism, **L'Œuvre de Paul Claudel** (Beauchesne: 2.40 fr.) will be welcomed by all lovers of modern French literature. It deals discriminatungly with the great Catholic poet; whilst not blind to his weaknesses, it exhibits, with more penetration than a merely literary discussion, the depth of his spiritual insight. Still Claudel is not one of the great thinkers and moralists: he willingly dwells on the surface without ignoring nor yet insisting upon the great underlying realities. He is a wonderful maker of images and often over-indulges his gift. The English reader, unused to and disliking *vers libre*, needs patient study to appreciate Claudel. This book will be a valuable aid to such study.

#### MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

Recent C.T.S. penny publications include **Will any Religion do?** a telling indictment of indifferentism by Dom Ethelbert Horne, and two very timely publications about Luther, viz., **Some Facts about Martin Luther** (in two parts) by A. H. Atteridge, which puts before the public evidence which the Lutheran is ever trying to ignore or to deny or, worse still, to condone; and Canon William Barry's masterly analysis of the "Reformer's" influence—**Four Centuries of Luther**—emphatically a "tract for the times."

The two issues of **The Catholic Mind** (America Press: 5c. each) for November last contain several highly interesting and important papers, concerned with such subjects as temperance, family-life, automatic-writing and spiritism. From the same twi-monthly an account of the growth, rights and prospects of French Canada, is reprinted—**The Canadian Miracle**—with additions by its author, F. C.

The "Notre-Dame" **Explanatory Catechism** (Washbourne: 2d.) which is such a help to the busy teacher has been entirely rewritten and appears now somewhat increased in size and with added utility.

A varied assortment of the publications of the **Maison de la Bonne Presse** (Paris) has reached us, comprising *Le Prisonnier du Zeppelin IV*, *Calendrier Indulgences Plénières*, a fervent discourse—*Pour le regne de Dieu*—by Mgr. Tissier, a number of postcards giving words and music of a variety of French war-songs, and finally, **Où en est la Question de l'Homme pré-historique** by Mgr. Albert Forges, an up-to-date discussion of the data on the subject.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice).

### AMERICA PRESS, New York.

*The Catholic Mind.* Vol. XV. Nos. 21, 22. Price, 5 cents each. \$1.00 per an.

### THE AUTHORS.

*Ecclesiastical Continuity in England.* By H. Reginald Buckler, O.P.  
*Life of St. Edith.* King Alfred the Great. By Ymal Oswin.

### BEAUCHESNE, Paris.

*Le Témoins du Renouveau Catholique.* By Th. Mainage, O.P. Pp. 247. Price, 3.80 fr.  
*L'Œuvre de Paul Claudel.* By J. de Tonquédec. Pp. 170. Price, 2.30 fr.  
*De l'Art à la Foi: Jean Thorel* By A. Bessières. Pp. viii. 100. Price, 1.70 fr.

### BURNS & OATES, London.

*The Mystical Life.* By Dom S. Louismet, O.S.B. Pp. xxiv. Price, 3s. 6d. net.

### CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS.

*Cambridge Essays on Education.* Edited by A. C. Benson. Pp. xix. 232. Price, 7s. 6d. net.  
*The Epistle to the Hebrews.* Edited by A. Nairne, D.D. Pp. clxv. 141. Price, 4s. 6d. net.

### KEGAN PAUL & Co., London.

*The Other Miss Scarlett.* By A. H. Bennett. Pp. vi. 258. Price, 6s. net.  
*A Manual of Modern Scholastic Philosophy.* By Cardinal Mercier. Translated by T. L. Parker, M.A. and S. A. Parker, O.S.B. Vol. II. Pp. xvi. 551. Price, 10s. 6d. net.

### LETHIELLEUX, Paris.

*Exposition de la Morale Catholique: Morale Speciale.* Vols. VI. VII. Pp. 324 and 356. Price, 4.00 fr. each.

### LONGMANS & Co., London.

*The Book of the Craft of Dying.* Edited by Frances Comper. Pp. xliii. 173. Price, 6s. net.  
*The Alexandrine Gospel.* By Rev. A. Nairne, D.D. Pp. 126. Price, 1s. 6d. net.  
*The Coming of the Kingdom.* By Rev. W. Temple. Pp. 24. Price, 6d. net.

### SANDS & Co., London.

*Woman, why weepst thou?* By Rev. A. Roche. Pp. 126. Price, 2s. net.  
*The Life of Lady Warner.* By Frances Jackson. Pp. 117.

### SCOTT, London.

*The Lord's Supper as presented in Scripture.* By A. T. Schofield, M.D. Pp. xii. 62. Price, 2s. 6d. net.  
*A Little Book of Comfort.* By Rev. P. H. Ditchfield. Pp. xi. 75. Price, 2s. net.  
*The Incarnation.* By Jessie D. Montgomery. Pp. 48. Price, 1s. net.

### S.P.C.K., London.

*The Book of Jubilees.* By R. H. Charles, D.D. Pp. 224. Price, 4s. net.  
*Values of the Christian Life.* By Rev. A. D. Kelly, M.A. Pp. xix. 282. Price, 7s. 6d. net.  
*Hymns of the Eastern Church.* Translated by Rev. J. M. Neale. Pp. 156. Price, 2s. 6d. net.

### TÉQUI, Paris.

*Au Cœur de Jésus Agonisant.* By Abbé J. Dargaud. Pp. xxxii. 170. Price, 2.00 fr.  
*Les Vrais Principes de l'Éducation.* By Père A. Monfat. Pp. xlv. 424. Price, 4 fr.  
*Instructions sur la Vie Religieuse.* By Mgr. E. Lelong. 6e édit. Pp. 374. Price, 4 fr.  
*Le Vén. Jean-Claude Colin.* By A. Cothenet. Pp. xiv. 135. Price, 2.00 fr.  
*Les Croyances Fondamentales.* By Mgr. Tessier. Pp. 303. Price, 3.50 fr.  
*Retraite de Dames.* By J. Millot. Pp. 340. Price, 3.50 fr.  
*Le Purgatoire.* By Louis Rouzic. Pp. viii. 454. Price, 3.50 fr.

### WASHBOURNE, London.

*The Life of St. Teresa.* By F. A. Forbes. Pp. 126. Price, 1s. 3d. net.  
*St. Hugh of Lincoln.* By F. A. Forbes. Pp. 125. Price, 1s. 3d. net.  
*The Church.* By A. Nicolas. Translated by A. C. Boursot. Pp. 58. Price, 1s. net.  
*Letters of St. Jane F. de Chantal.* Pp. xiv. 253. Price, 5s. net.  
*The Origins of Contemporary Psychology.* By Cardinal Mercier. Translated by W. H. Mitchell, M.A. Pp. xii. 351. Price, 6s. net.  
*The New Explanatory Catechism.* Price, 2d.  
*The Outer Courts.* By M. Agnes Fox. Pp. viii. 87. Price, 2s. net.



